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McKean County Miner.

HARRY L. BACKUS, Editor and Proprietor — OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE COUNTY — TERMS: $1.25 Per Year

VOL. XLVII — SMETHPORT, PA., THURSDAY, MAY 5, 1910 — NO. 18

BENEFIT CARNIVAL AT LYCEUM NEXT WEEK.

It will Commence on Tuesday and will Last Four Nights.

TWO OPERAS WILL BE PRESENTED.

They are "Sylvia" and "A Nautical Knot"—There will also be Two Nights of Dancing—The Benefits are for an Object that Merit the Community's Support.

Rehearsals for the two operas "Sylvia" and "A Nautical Knot" to be produced by local talent at the Lyceum on Monday and Thursday nights of next week are about completed, and the casts are in shape at the present time to do the operas full justice. Dress rehearsals will be held tomorrow and Thursday nights and the "big shows" will then be ready to go on.

The operas will introduce 50 of the pick of local talent artists. The cast has worked hard and the members have mastered their roles in both productions in a manner most gratifying. They have had excellent coaching and have made the best of it.

The operas are excellent ones and both introduce numerous and pretty musical and excellent dancing numbers. The pieces will be elaborately costumed, special costumes having been leased for the occasion.

The following is the program for the carnival. Tuesday evening, April 19, "Sylvia" a pretty rural operetta will be produced. Wednesday night a dance will be held and there will be numerous booths, etc. Thursday evening "A Nautical Knot" a very pretty musical opera will be presented while on Friday night the program will be the same as that of Wednesday night.

These entertainments and dances are for an excellent cause and deserve the hearty and unstinted support of our citizens. The prices will be 25c, 35c, 50c and 75c; seats being on sale at Wells'.

It appears that at the time Hon. Jas. McKean seized the Lyceum on a mortgage from the original company, a number of gentlemen got together and leased the playhouse. Enough money was not subscribed to pay the amount required to do this and several public spirited gentlemen went on a note for several hundred dollars, and as a consequence the Lyceum was conducted for two years, when otherwise it might have been razed at that time. The gentlemen never realized a cent in return for their public spirited act and are out of pocket the amount of the note. The benefits have been gotten up to partially reimburse them for their loss, a most commendable object.

It is understood that the operas may also be taken to Port Allegany and St. Mary's for production.

HOME AFTER EXTENDED ABSENCE.

Rev. J. H. McCandless and His Estimable Wife are Visiting in Town.

Rev. J. H. McCandless, Pastor Emeritus of St. Luke's Church who has been absent from Smethport for a number of months, and Mrs. McCandless, who has been residing in Massachusetts for her health for about two years past, returned home yesterday.

After a visit here of a few weeks Rev. and Mrs. McCandless expect to go to the North Shore Mass., for the summer. Mrs. McCandless, although greatly improved in health, is advised to go to the seashore for the warm weather and will remain there until fall.

In the fall Rev. and Mrs. McCandless will return to Smethport where their home on East Main St. will be opened again.

It is a great pleasure to learn that such a marked improvement has taken place in Mrs. McCandless' health and that this estimable couple will again take up their residence in town.

Will be a Candidate for Re-Election.

Hon. Robert W. Hilton authorizes the Era to say that he will be a candidate for re-election to the Legislature, from McKean county, subject to the decision of Democratic voters at the primaries, June 4. His formal announcement will soon be published.—Bradford Era.

Try the celebrated Ridgway Ice Cream at Quirk's Restaurant.

TO CELEBRATE 4th OF JULY.

Agitation Started in Smethport for Rousing Celebration.

Agitation has been started in Smethport for a rousing 4th of July celebration and to that end a public meeting will be called the latter part of next week, the time and place will be announced in this paper next week.

The gentlemen who have taken hold of the matter have started in with a zeal that insures the success of the proposition, and it is almost an assured fact that Smethport will celebrate.

Smethport has not celebrated in several years, and now that we have local music and industries are in a flourishing condition there is no reason that this place should allow other towns "to beat it to it" year after year.

Let everybody interest themselves in this matter and make the "ever glorious" a rousing one in this place. Watch for the announcement and attend the meeting.

LARGE CLASS INITIATED.

At Meeting of P. H. C. Tuesday Evening—Bradford Degree Team Present.

Smethport Circle, No. 25, P. H. C., proved themselves first class entertainers on Tuesday evening, May 3rd.

The occasion was the initiating of a class of twenty-three candidates. The work was put on by the Bradford degree team. The members of Smethport Circle who were present have but the highest praise for the excellent work done by the team, especially the exhibition drill.

Much credit is due deputy of Erie Circle, No. 88, Mrs. E. Stetson, for the good work in securing new members.

Deputy Canfield of Bradford was with them. Dancing was indulged in and all seemed to have a jolly time, Acker's orchestra furnished music.

A fine lunch was served by the ladies of the Circle to 125.

The local P. H. C. now have a membership of over 200.

NO RACE SUICIDE HERE.

Some Record Breaking Families of Smethport.

The group of company houses at the Smethport window glass factory are tenanted by a number of families who are certainly doing their share towards averting the race suicide danger. There are twelve families in this particular locality and a census shows the number of their children of various ages to total fifty.

This is a most remarkable showing when it is taken into consideration that several of the families number only three and four members. Another agreeable fact that might well be worth mentioning is the general spirit of industry that prevails. There are no drones. While the men, in the majority of instances are laborers, the conditions under which the families exist are excellent.

In all the community is one that any town might well be proud of.

INJURED AT GLASS FACTORY.

Chester Crawford was hit in Side by Piece of Glass.

Chester Crawford, of East Smethport who is employed at the Smethport window glass factory was quite badly cut last Sunday night while at his work.

The young man was in the act of handling a roller when t broke. A piece of the flying glass struck him in the fleshy part of his back just over the left hip.

Dr. Ostrander rendered Crawford necessary surgical attention. The wound was quite a painful one as the glass had imbedded itself quite deep. It was necessary to take several stitches to close the cut.

Although the injury was quite a serious one the young man has resumed his work.

Notice of Dissolution of Partnership.

Notice is hereby given that the partnership, known as Means Brothers, existnig between Ward B. Means and Alonzo Means, was dissolved by mutual consent on April 11, 1910, Alonzo Means retiring. All debts due the said partnership are to be paid, and those due from the same, discharged, at No. 111 West Main Street, Smethport, Pa., where the business will be continued by the said Ward B. Means in his own name.

W. B. MEANS,
A. L. MEANS.

MURDER AND SUICIDE IN COUNTY YESTERDAY.

Well Known Oil Well Worker was Victim of Madman's Attack.

COUNTY DETECTIVE JONES CALLED.

The Murdered Man's Name was Wethers Smith—He was Shot Dead in a Boiler House in Lafayette Township—S. A. Norcross of Kushequa, His Murderer, Committed Suicide.

About 11 a. m. yesterday County Detective Jones of this borough received a telephone message from Timbuck, Lafayette township, notifying him that the body of Wethers Smith, a well known oil worker of that place had been found in a boiler house, the murdered man having been shot and instantly killed by an unknown party. A man thought to have been the murderer was seen driving away from the scene.

The county official accompanied by Kenneth Mayo, representing the District Attorney, started at once for the scene in a rig. At Mt. Alton Mr. Jones was met and informed by a son of Smith, the murdered man, of the details at hand concerning the crime. It was found that a rig answering the description of that driven by the suspected man had driven through Mt. Alton, the occupant being S. A. Norcross, a well known man of Kushequa.

The officer at once decided that he was the man wanted, and leaving Mr. Mayo to proceed alone to the scene of the murder, he took a cross country short-cut for Kushequa. He arrived at that place a little too late for the man wanted had reached home, put up his rig, and entering the house had committed suicide by shooting himself in the head behind the right ear. A telephone message had been sent to Mt. Alton to intercept Mr. Jones but he was at that time on the way to Kushequa and it was received by Mr. Mayo, which made it unnecessary for him to go on into Timbuck.

The county detective went to the scene of the suicide and made an investigation. The following explanatory note was found on the dead man's person:

May 4, 1910.

To the Authorities:

I am responsible for the taking of my own life. My trouble is greater than I am can stand. I have revenged the betrayer of my confidence and friendship.

S. A. NORCROSS.

An investigation of the affair was made but the officer did not go to the scene of the murder as Sheriff Morrison, who was in Bradford and Coroner Sherman of that place had been notified and went to Timbuck. The coroner will visit Kushequa today but there is apparently not much to demand his presence.

Mr. Smith, the murdered man, and Mr. Norcross, his suicide slayer, had been very intimate friends. Both were hard working men and were respected. It was learned by Mr. Jones that Norcross had left his home about 8 a. m. and reached Timbuck about 9 o'clock, when the murder took place.

Only last Sunday Mr. Norcross and family had driven to Timbuck and spent the day with the Smith family. The only cause that can be attributed to the double tragedy by the county detective, is that Mr. Smith had betrayed something Norcross had confided in him. It is his opinion that the slayer was demented.

Smith is survived by a wife and family, being the father of grown up boys.

Norcross is survived by a wife and seven children.

CUTTINGHAM-GORMAN.

Happy Young Couple United in Marriage Wednesday.

Married at St. Elizabeth's church, Wednesday, April 4, 1910, Rev. J. F. Dugan officiating, Mr. J. Cuttingham and Miss Alice Gorman.

The groom is a well known oil well worker and is said to be a model young man.

The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Gorman, who reside in Keating township near this borough. Miss Gorman has made Smethport her home considerable of the time of late years and is well known here, being popular with a large circle of friends. She is a charming young lady.

The miner unites with many friends in extending congratulations and best wishes to Mr. and Mrs. Cuttingham.

ELDRED POSTOFFICE ROBBED.

Burglars Blow Up Safe and Secure $700 Booty Monday Morning.

Eldred, Pa., May 2.—At 2:15 this morning the safe of the Eldred postoffice, was blown with nitro-glycerine and rifled of its contents. It is estimated that the burglars got away with money and stamps to the amount of $700. Valuable private papers which the safe contained were also stolen.

At the hour mentioned above, persons living in the vicinity of the postoffice, heard two muffled explosions. They had no idea of safe crackers being at work and paid no particular attention to the explosions. This morning about 6 o'clock, a citizen looked into the postoffice and saw that the safe had been blown. An investigation developed the fact that the burglars had pried open the front door of the building with a jimmy. After gaining admittance, they securely locked the door on the inside and then did their work.

The heavy outside door of the safe had been blown clear off, while the inside door was so badly twisted by the explosion that it was no difficult matter for the robbers to open it. They left the building by a rear door, which was left open. It is generally believed that the work on the safe was done by an experienced safe blower.

On Saturday a glycerine shooter named Olmstead was followed by four men as he made a trip to a magazine located near Prentiss Vale. The men wanted to locate the building and undoubtedly stole the explosive for their work from that magazine.

For several days last week four men were noticed loafing around the streets of Eldred. They were strangers. Sunday two of the men were still in town and the authorities have a fair description of the pair.

BURGLARS AT MT. JEWETT.

They Secured Considerable Loot in Two Stores, Taking Clothing, Revolvers, Jewelry, Etc.

Mt. Jewett, Pa., April 28.—Burglars operated successfully here during last night. Both the hardware store of Thompson & Co. and the clothing store of S. Phillips, located in the same building were entered.

From Thompson & Co. it was estimated that the thieves secured about $75 worth of plunder, including razors, knives and revolvers. In the Phillips store it was estimated that the loss would reach $600, as the thieves, besides changing their clothing and shoes, which they left behind, carried off several suits of clothing, hats and jewelry. It was thought that they had a team, as it would have been impossible for them to have carried all the plunder on their backs.

Entrance was gained by a rear window of the Thompson & Co. store. Entering an elevator shaft the thieves reached the second floor of the store and then went down stairs and ransacked the stock. Besides the old hats and clothing left behind. There was a couple of jimmies which were used for opening the windows and the doors.

From the store of Thompson & Co., the thieves forced an entrance that opened into the Phillips store and the rest was easy.

The robbery was discovered when the stores were opened this morning.

INJURED AT NOVELTY WORKS.

Earl Lyman Sustained a Badly Lacerated Hand Friday.

While at his work last Friday morning Earl Lyman, an employe of the Backus Novelty Works sustained a badly cut hand.

The young man was operating the cloth covered buffing wheel at the plant when the accident occurred.

He was in the act of buffing the rim of the lenses of an automobile lamp which was being plated, when the piece of metal caught in the cloth covering of the wheel.

The piece of mechanism revolves at a terrific rate of speed and the brass rim was torn from Lyman's hand and before he could get the member out of the way it was struck several times by the revolving missle.

Dr. Chadwick attended his injury and it was found that the young man had sustained seven bad cuts on his right hand, the member being laid open to the bone and the end of one of his fingers split in twain.

The injury while a very painful one, and incapacitates the young man for work, is healing nicely.

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PROHIBITIONISTS MET AT BRADFORD FRIDAY.

It Was "Suggestion Day" for County Organization.

ENTHUSIASTIC MEETING AT NIGHT.

The Dry Element Hurl a Stone in the form of Denouncing Local Option—A Number of Names brought up for Positions.

Bradford, Pa., April 29.—Prohibitionists of McKean county assembled in this city yesterday and made suggestions for candidates to be voted for at the June primaries, and had a general convention for party purposes. Howard L. Spangler, county chairman, president. H. B. Millward was elected secretary. Funds to the amount of $325 were pledged and a system adopted for doubling the amount for use in the coming campaign. All parts of the county were represented.

Two candidates were suggested for County Chairman, Howard L. Spangler, of Bradford, and Elisha K. Kane of Kushequa. For secretary, F. M. Hotchkiss, of Bradford, was named, and for treasurer, George V. Thompson of Mt. Jewett was designated.

Delegates to the State convention which will be held at Harrisburg, June 21, and 22, were nominated as follows: E. K. Kane, Kushequa; William F. Burr, Eldred; Rev. E. M. Fradenburg, Mt. Jewett; George V. Thompson, Mt. Jewett; W. M. Hodges and H. B. Millward, Bradford; H. R. Hilton, Fort Allegany; Dr. T. L. Knox, of Kane. A full list of county committeemen was also named.

Resolutions were adopted declaring that the principle of Local Option, allowing the privilege of voting for saloons in any locality, was immoral and that the reason that the prohibitory laws fail of enforcement in any section, is that old party officials linked up with liquor politicians in their parties, do not enforce the laws. The resolutions announce that no righteous victory has ever been won by compromise.

Nomination papers were circulated for Thomas J. McCoy, of Kane, and Dr. McAlpin, of Bradford, for members of Assembly and George V. Thompson, of Mt. Jewett and Charles E. Patten, of Curwensville, for Congress.

Last evening a big crowd of representative people attended the lecture in the Exchange Lyceum, completely filling the hall, upstairs and down. The speaker was C. N. Howard, of Rochester, N. Y. Rev. J. M. Walters of Bradford, who was selected to act as chairman of the evening, introduced the speaker. The speech was entitled "A Joy Ride," and proved to be a masterpiece of entertainment, oratory, brilliant phrases, tremendous arraignment of the liquor traffic, and its supporters, and citations as to the wonderful progress that is being made by the temperance reform. Mr. Howard declared that the greatest savings accounts per capita are in the state of Maine, where prohibition has been in force for 59 years and the second largest in Kansas, also a pioneer prohibition state. He gave his hearers an inspiring view of the big strides made by prohibition in the southland, and predicted that thirteen more states would soon be added to the dry columns.

The big audience enjoyed the lecture hugely, as was manifested by the frequent uproarious applause. Manifestly it was a "joy ride" to the listeners. It was unanimously voted by those present that Mr. Howard should be invited to return for another lecture soon.

Before the principal address of the evening, the orchestra of the First Baptist church rendered a number of musical selections which were much enjoyed. Rev. E. M. Fradenburg, of Mt. Jewett sang a temperance solo and Rev. J. H. Yaggy, of the Hill Memorial church offered prayer.

A substantial offering of cash and pledges was given by the audience for the fight on the saloon before being dismissed.

I have just received a car load of salt, all grades, common fine and diamond F rock salt, and also all grades of dairy and table salt which I offer at the lowest market price.

G. W. KING,
East Smethport.

Amatite Roofing at Means'.

THE LOST BOYS.

They Have Not Yet Been Found—State Police at Work.

After a search of two weeks in which hundreds of men, under the direction of County Detective Jones of Smethport, participated, and all efforts proved of no avail, State Constabulary from Punxsutuwney were summoned the latter part of last week and have taken up the search for the lost 9-year-old Edwin Adams of Lamont Station and 7-year-old Michael Steffan of Ludlow, who disappeared in the woods near their homes two weeks ago last Saturday.

The troop consists of ten privates under the command of Sergeant Wilhelm and if necessary more will be called to take up the search.

Monday the officers went to Nansen and inspected four suspicious houses in hopes of finding young Adams, but with no result.

It is reported that there is a particularly tough element in the valley extending from Russell City to Marionville and it is intimated that the State police may do some needed "cleaning up" in that section with an augumented force.

In this section, it is said, live several characters who have been discharged from the employ of the Standard Oil company, by C. H. Adams, father of the boy, who is field foreman. At the time of their discharge some of them are said to have stated that they would "get even" and it is thought by many that they are responsible for the boy's abduction.

Tuesday a special train went out to Lamont from Kane having on board nearly a hundred men who hunted until noon in the woods about that vacinity but were compelled to quit on account of rain.

There was considerable excitement about Lamont later during the day caused by word it became known that Carl Tew, a rural mail carrier had found tacked upon an old trestle, a slip of paper upon which were the words:

"Your son will be returned for $10,000."

On the reverse side of the paper were the words, "Leave Reward." The writing was done with a lead pencil and was evidently the work of someone who wished to disguise his hand writing.

The slip of paper, which had the appearance of having been torn from a book, was removed from the trestle and turned over to Sergeant Wilhelm of the State Constabulary.

Kidnapers do not communicate in that manner with the intended victims of their blackmailing schemes, ordinarily. They write explicit directions and use the mails. Whether this is some silly boy's hoax or a genuine attempt to communicate with Mr. and Mrs. Adams, is unknown.

The mysterious ringing of the Adams telephone on the night of young Adams' disappearance, can not be figured out.

The little Steffan boy, who disappeared the same day as the Adams boy, in a manner fully as mysterious, is still missing and no clues can be found by the searchers that would tend to clear up the mystery of his absence.

S. E. Bell of this borough is a cousin to the father of young Adams and is doing everything in his power to help locate the missing. He is quoted as being a believer in the theory that the boy was kidnapped.

DEATH OF AN AGED LADY.

Mrs. Mary A. Conner Died Last Week at her Home in Coryville.

On Thursday of last week, April 28, 1910, at her home in Coryville, occurred the death of Mary A. Conner at the ripe old age of 81 years, 8 months and 19 days.

Mary Ann Hall was her maiden name and in the younger years of her life she was united in marriage to Jeremiah Conner who died March 1st, 1881.

To them were born five children, four of whom survive: Jurdan E., Florence J., Frank L., and Fred D. Elmira G. a daughter died at the age of 22 years.

There are six grandchildren: Paul, Dean, Jerry, Myra, Edward and Esther.

The Miner extends its condolence to the bereaved family.

SITUATION WANTED.

Chauffeur, Gasoline Car, careful driver, can repair.

Box 54. Smethport, Pa.

Subscribe for The Miner.

Bertie Courtenay

The Stranger Who Took Part In a Baseball Game.

By MARTHA B. MONROE

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"Charlie, let me tell you something. I think I know where you can get a first class twirler for the match game."

"Don't want any twirler. Dan Simpson is good enough."

"How about a hitter?"

"Don't want any hitter either."

This dialogue was spoken between Charles Wilkins, captain of the Roslyn Athletic club's baseball team, and his cousin, Kate Hathaway. Kate was an enthusiastic baseball girl—that is, she was infatuated with the game and a member of a girls' team that occasionally played on the diamond of the gymnasium club.

There was more between Wilkins and Miss Hathaway than a common interest in baseball. A lawsuit of long standing between their respective families over property acquired by a Wilkins three generations before was to be settled by their union—that is, it was hoped by their parents that the interest might be united in them.

The match referred to was to take place between the Roslyn club and the Ringolds, a champion game. Both teams were training hard, and both managers were testing and picking up the best men they could find. Ned Paddock, manager of the Ringolds, would require an infielder and Wilkins an outfielder. This was smooth sailing. But when both men wanted an outfielder and there was just one good man in that line to be secured the friction emitted more sparks than a skyrocket.

There had come to Roslyn that spring an invalid named Albert Courtenay. He was suffering from bronchitis and had been recommended to come to Roslyn on account of its dry air. For a couple of months he went about coughing and hawking, looking as though, having one foot in the grave, he was struggling to keep out the other. Then he began to get better and the flesh to come back on his bones. One could tell of his improvement by his clothes. The duller his hues and the finer the garments. At last even he was quite restored. He had become a first class dude. He manifested an interest in the society of Roslyn, joined the Roslyn Country club and showed a mild interest in the young ladies of the place. They were prone to make fun of him, calling him "Bertie."

Bertie Courtenay objected more decidedly to Kate Hathaway than to any girl. Charlie Wilkins didn't object to his preference, for the reason that he was altogether too contemptible for a rival. Besides, Charlie was too much absorbed in preparations for the great game soon to come off to take any interest in anything else. But one day when Courtenay, who drawled his words, was sitting chatting with Kate and watching a game of tennis, Wilkins came up. Courtenay drawled on. Wilkins "butted in," mimicking Courtenay's speech. Courtenay imperturbably changed from English to Latin. Neither Kate nor Wilkins understood a word he said until Kate caught the meaning of "carissima Katherina" (dear Katherine) and blushed. Wilkins, with a growl, turned on his heel and left them.

This incident when repeated—that is, that Bertie Courtenay could speak Latin—occasioned a halt in the opinion the young people of Roslyn were forming of him. Then one day, having appeared in a flannel tennis suit, white as an angel's wing, to play a game with a member of the Country club, he soon collected a crowd by sending the balls from his racket as if they had been fired from a roman candle.

Here was a second gain. Bertie could not only talk Latin, but he was a marvel at tennis.

From this point Kate Hathaway began to show an interest in him. As soon as Wilkins noticed that the "dude," as he called Courtenay, had found any favor whatever in Katherine's eyes he ceased his own attentions, indicating to her that a girl who could see anything interesting in a "chump like that" was of no use to him. As for Courtenay himself, Wilkins treated him with supreme contempt.

"He's one of these college men," said Wilkins, "they make professors of—a great capacity for taking in knowledge and never making any practical use of it."

"But he's remarkable at tennis," suggested one who had seen Courtenay make fireworks of the balls over the net.

"Oh, that's a sort of slight of hand, like billiards. There's nothing manly in the game."

By this time nobody seemed to know what to make of Mr. Courtenay. He didn't seem to be a fool, though he sometimes acted like one. He wasn't exactly effeminate, though he appeared so. What cough was left to him was certainly affected. Some said he kept it up to gain the sympathy due an invalid. Then his dress was too elegant for anything, his neckwear now representing the blue field of heaven studded with bright stars, now a snow squall, now the green waves of the sea and finally the red flames of a conflagration.

People began to wonder who he was and where he hailed from. They pumped him, and he answered them in Greek. He was sitting at a table in the club one day with five men. They fell to trying to get from him something concerning his antecedents, each asking him one or more questions. He answered them in five different languages. With a bit of chalk he made a caricature of Wilkins that set every one who looked at it laughing. The bluff baseball man against the versatile scholar was like a bread club against a rapier of Damascus steel. Wilkins became furious at this unknown creature who had crossed his path and who returned his thrusts with satire. Courtenay did not seem to mind Wilkins any more than he would a gnat, never manifesting toward him the slightest hostility.

Kate Hathaway was no less at sea with regard to Mr. Courtenay than were the others. He seemed to like her society, but never made love to her, nor did he tell her more about himself than he told them. There was certainly a fascination in the man she could not account for. When listening to what he said she felt lifted into a different atmosphere. At times he would chat with her about the politics of their native land, but no sooner had he interested her in the subject than he would skim away like a bird to ancient Greece, Rome or Egypt.

Meanwhile the competing clubs were making up and practicing. Paddock had selected the better team, and Wilkins, who knew his enemy's strength and the weakness of several of his own men, was feeling very much discouraged. But during the term of practice the Ringold team had a streak of bad luck. First their best infielder was hit in the face by a ball and incapacitated, then their next strongest man fell and broke his leg, and lastly their pitcher was taken down with typhoid fever. Thus in the space of a month the Ringolds were reduced from the better to a far inferior team.

"Why don't you try Courtenay?" asked a man who was sympathizing with Captain Paddock.

"What! That Miss Nancy? What could he do at baseball? He'd be all right for tiddledewinks, but baseball—never."

"You can at least try him in a practice game."

"Yes; I can do that. But what's the use? It would be time lost."

Paddock's friend insisted, and Courtenay was invited to show what he could do. He accepted the invitation. What he did on the diamond was kept a secret. But on the day of the game when the Ringold team was walking out on to the field Bertie, conspicuous at a ruffled silk handkerchief around his neck, was among them. Wilkins greeted him with unconcealed astonishment.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "Is that all you could do in looking up your dudeship? We've got the—"

The remaining word with its complement was lost on the part of the Ringold team, which had then gone, all it came Courtenay's turn at the bat. The ball had scarcely left the bat straight up in the air, clipped the bat and waited leisurely around the bases. Every man of the opposing team stood looking up for the ball to come down, but either it did not come down or if it did it landed in some other place. Courtenay completed his walk, and every one looked mystified. Some maintained that the ball had gone far out of bounds, but the majority declared that it had gone up in a straight line and should have fallen on the plate.

After ten minutes spent in hunting all over the field for it the hit was declared foul. The next ball received by Courtenay he sent diagonally into the corner of the fence inclosing the field and again began his walk around the bases, completing it before the ball was found.

During the game Captain Paddock put the substitute into various positions, and he did as well in one as in another. He would catch a ball whether it came down in a curve or whether it was sent from the bat in a line parallel to the ground. When he pitched the batter never touched the ball. When behind the batter no pitcher could give a ball that he could not catch. He declined to use a body protector; indeed, there seemed no need for one, since he could catch any ball.

When the game was over the Ringolds had scored largely, while the Roslyns had made but three or four runs. Courtenay had carried the game on his shoulders, and that without any apparent effort. He had made but few runs himself, and then it seemed that he had been shot out of a gun.

The Ringolds wanted to take him up on their shoulders and carry him around the oval, but he protested so firmly that they desisted.

Courtenay was last seen with the others walking toward the dressing rooms. No one could say that he had seen him there or seen him leave there. Some thought that he had taken a train that passed about the time the game was over and gone to his home, wherever that was. Nevertheless the fact remains that without a word of farewell to any one he left the oval and the town.

Months afterward Kate Hathaway met a student of —— university, to whom she told the story of Albert Courtenay.

"Oh, I know who that is! He's Ad Crichton."

"And who is Ad Crichton?"

"So called from the Admirable Crichton, who lived in the sixteenth century. He knew everything, beat every one at any sort of exercise and spoke ten different languages. Courtenay is his counterpart. He's a queer duck. He's the wonder of our college."

Kate married Charlie Wilkins.

BASEBALL.

The Catcher Sums Up the Game as Seen by a Umpire.

I have seen a quite little Sunday afternoon game of baseball in which every man on either side told every man on his own and the other side just what he thought of his character. One captain, says Ellis Parker Butler in Success Magazine, began by telling his pitcher what he thought of him and ordered him off the field, and the pitcher remarked that if he had a catcher who knew how to catch a ball once every week or so he would be able to use some speed. This seemed to displease the catcher, and he remarked in no gentle tones about the pitcher's general ability and the short-sightedness of a captain who would have such a man on his nine. This gave pleasure to the opposing nine, and they showed it by appropriately gaying remarks and were taken to task by the nine men of the other side. The 200 spectators who gathered to see the ball game then told both nines what they thought of them and were given to understand that not a man on either nine cared a faded fig for—

An hour later the umpire went home or in the direction of home, but the two captains were still discharging their men. I have seen one stout catcher discharged eight times in one seven-inning game, during which period he resigned four times of his own accord.

THE MATTERHORN.

Its Pointed Peak and the Wonderful View It Unfolds.

There are very few Alpine peaks so pointed as the Matterhorn. Some—as, for instance, Mont Blanc—are merely large lumps of frozen snow, but the Matterhorn is quite pointed and thin, composed of a ridge formed by a perpendicular wall of rock on one side and a very steep rocky slope on the other, a slope which after going a few yards at an incline breaks off sharp into a precipice.

When on the top, therefore, one is absolutely perched up between heaven and earth. Never before have I seen so much space around and below me. It is wonderful, immense, unreal. The panorama unfolded to the eyes is a superb one, an inextricable mass of peaks—Rosa, the Breithorn, the Combin, Mont Blanc, the Jungfrau and others. The most one feels Zermatt, which—tiny toy village, where we can imagine the children playing their games—to be the only town in the world. These people do not dream of the great difficulty we have to keep living our feet because of the cold.

Also it is so cold and the position such a precarious one that about ten minutes after our arrival we are compelled to turn our steps toward the descent, which on the Alps is much more to be dreaded than the ascent.—White World Magazine.

Sounded Best When Silent.

In a talk with a New York publisher, who has had considerable experience with people of all sorts and conditions who come to his office with manuscripts in search of publication, I learned of a humorous but somewhat embarrassing incident in connection with one of his assistants, who is considered especially well "bulls" as shining that occasionally he himself has to "fall in the hay," but invariably follows such a "break" on his part. There was some trouble on the telephone one day recently, and Mike, as he is called among his friends, lost much of his usual good nature in his efforts to get the gist of a message that was being sent from another office. The man on the other end of the wire finally became exasperated and asked Mike if he was losing his hearing.

"I can hear you all right until you begin to talk," said Mike, "and then I can't understand a word you say."—Philadelphia Times.

The Psychological Moment.

"Is Miss Wheaton at home?" asked one of the neighbors of the spinster as she called at her door to get her signature to a petition.

"She is that," responded Celia Leahy, three weeks over from Ireland and a most willing handmaiden. "Will yez step in, sorr?"

"I should like to see her on a matter of business for a few moments if she is not engaged," said the neighbor.

Celia flung wide the door and waved him in.

"If she has man, he's neglectin' her shameful," she said in a hoarse, confidential whisper, "for 'tis three weeks tomorrer since I come here, and he's not put his fut over the t'reshold in all that toime! Sure, 'tis your chanst!"—Youth's Companion.

An Obstructionist.

"Spenkin' 'bout large feet," said Mr. Erastus Pinkley, "I don't know when I was mo' insulted dan I was dis afternoon. I was standin' on de curb-stone facin' de house, an' de policeman, he come along an' says I's got to turn around jes' a little."

"What fuh?"

"He says pintin' my shoes de same way de street runs is de onliest way foh me to keep fum 'obstructin' de sidewalk."—Washington Star.

She'd Remedy That.

Mrs. Doyle—Your husband has a mind of his own, my husband says. Mrs. Doyle—I'll speak to him about it when he comes home.—New York Press.

Jack Ashore.

Fond Mother—You are never satisfied, Jack. When you go to sea you're homesick, and when you come home you're seasick.—London Punch.

He that loves to be flattered is worthy of the flatterer.—Shakespeare.

The Strange Case of a New Love

An Unselfish Woman and the Sacrifice She Made.

By CUTHBERT BAKER.

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The married life between Clarence Hooper and Edna Worth was very happy. When they were united Clarence was twenty-one and Edna nineteen. Ten years later the husband was obliged to make a business trip to Russia. His wife being in delicate health at the time, it was not deemed best that she should accompany him.

From Russia Clarence wrote often to his wife, at times mentioning in glowing terms a certain prima donna, Veltvolsky, a Russian Pole. He was not aware that there was anything said in these letters to lead his wife to believe that his feeling for the singer was anything more than friendship. She did not write him that she was jealous of his new found friend. Indeed, she never mentioned the singer in any of her letters. When his and the singer's paths diverged he ceased to mention her in his letters.

One day he received a cablegram from his wife's bosom friend, Sarah Ingalls, that Mrs. Hooper had been caught in one of those terrible railroad accidents which kill and maim so many people and had been crushed to death. He had seen an account of the accident the day before cabled to an English paper, but did not dream of his wife having been on the train.

A death of one very dear to us in the events of which we do not participate personally is very different from one where we are present. Clarence Hooper could not realize that his wife was dead. It was only when he returned to his desolate home that his bereavement appeared to him as a reality, and then it rushed upon him with its full force. No children had come to them to impart life or cheerfulness to the companionless man. Nevertheless he remained in the home where he had been so happy, morbidly dwelling upon his loss. The lady from whom he had received the cablegram announcing his wife's death had gone abroad, leaving him on the ocean. She had, however, left a letter for him giving all she knew of the circumstances surrounding his wife's death. It was not long, since no one living had seen her body and the body was unrecognizable, but stated that she had been buried, the remains in his lot at the cemetery. He would find the grave near the center of the lot.

Hooper's first act after his return was to visit his wife's grave and shed bitter tears there. The remainder of his life seemed a dreary waste before him. He had had his one love, it had passed from him, and he would never have another. A few days after this he opened his wife's will. He was surprised to notice a codicil added during his absence abroad leaving the income of certain property to Sarah Ingalls, who had been his informant as to the testator's death. The reason Hooper was surprised at this bequest was because Sarah Ingalls was wealthy. Moreover, this legacy halved his own income from his wife's property.

It was winter when all this occurred, and as soon as spring opened Hooper went to the cemetery for the purpose of putting plants about his wife's grave. What was his astonishment to discover that the adornment he had intended was there already. It consisted of rosebushes of a variety that his wife had loved and had kept in their conservatory during the winter season.

Standing there beside the grave of the woman he had loved so well a tumult of suspicions, conjectures poured in upon him. The events of his married life passed before him in review as they are said to pass instantaneously before one who is drowning. He had known his wife since they were children, and this sweep of memory went so far back as their first love, and he wondered if any one then had been his rival. Next he considered those she had known when they were young men and women. From there he passed to those who might have come between them since they had been married. Among all these he could not remember a single person who could have filled the place he had for years considered he alone could fill.

Hooper was stirred by deep emotion. His wife had been an orphan with no brothers or sisters—indeed, no relatives in whom she had taken an interest or who had taken any interest in her. Sarah Ingalls had been the only being except himself that she had loved and by whom she had been loved. Yet here was some one who had forestalled him in caring for her grave. Was this unknown person man or woman? If a man, had he loved her before or after her marriage? Had that love been returned? This last thought maddened him.

He turned away with a groan expressive partly of grief, partly of anger. Why had Edna never spoken of this person? A woman she would certainly have mentioned, a man she might have mentioned, a lover she would not likely have mentioned, and a lover whose love she returned she would never have made known.

Such was the reasoning by which Clarence Hooper persuaded himself that his dead wife had loved some man and, loving that man, she could never have loved her husband. Doubtless some obstacle had intervened between them to prevent a marriage, or, what was worse, she had met the unknown after she had become a wife. Hooper inflicted upon himself a succession of such torturing hypotheses and when they had been all applied began again and went through the process anew.

One day Hooper saw in a paper that Veltvolsky was coming to America to sing in opera. The thought that he might meet her again was pleasant to him. When she arrived he went to the metropolis where she was singing and called upon her. He told her of his bereavement, and she sympathized with him. With kindly tact she diverted his mind. When she had time to spare from study and rehearsals they drove out together. Hooper was a frequent attendant at the opera house where Veltvolsky sang, and evenings when she didn't sing he frequented her apartments. He confided to her his discovery that some one who had loved his wife was caring for her grave. The prima donna deprecated his fears that his wife had had a lover, explaining the episode by the supposition that the unknown friend was some poor creature whom the dead had befriended. This temporarily at least relieved his mind.

Hooper was seen so much at the opera, applauded so enthusiastically, drove so often with Veltvolsky and spent so much time in her apartments that the little coterie of singers at last began to connect her name with his in a more tender connection than friendship. Then one day he saw a notice in a newspaper that the prima donna was to marry an American gentleman whom she had met in Russia shortly before her visit to the United States.

Hooper was naturally very angry at the publication of this bit of information, which had not been authorized. He went to the office of the paper containing it and complained. He was shown the manuscript of the item, which had come in from an unknown person. He did not recognize the name signed to it as belonging to any one he knew. Nevertheless there was something about the handwriting, which was evidently a woman's, that was familiar to him. It looked like an unsuccessful attempt at disguise. He could not divest himself of the feeling that he had known the writer or had at least seen her handwriting.

When the opera season came to a close Hooper went to his home. The first thing he did after his return was to visit his wife's grave. He did so with mingled emotions among which he was at a loss to see if there was any further evidence of the unfaithful friend or lover.

He found the grave strewn with fresh cut flowers. A cry escaped him. Had the grave been decorated he would have been enraged. This token of an unknown admirer filled him with agony.

The long story, with its diverging and finally concluding incidents, began to weigh so upon the widower that he feared they might unbalance his brain. Could he have found a clew to work on his investigations would have been a relief. As it was he could only brood.

One day he formed a resolution to bury it all in a new interest. Mme. Veltvolsky had shown great partiality to him, but that she would marry him he did not know. She had gone to the country, and there he followed her. He told her that through her, and her alone, he could secure comfort. Would she receive a love that had withered, but which she could warm into a new life?

Then she confessed that she had loved him during their meeting in Russia and had loved him ever since. "But, knowing that you had a wife," she added, "whom you loved I gave no sign. I only feared that you might be drawn from her to me. You were unconscious of your danger."

Then Hooper remembered the mention he had made in his letters to his wife of his new found friend and wondered if she had been jealous.

They were engaged. Veltvolsky soon after passed through the place where Hooper lived, and he had persuaded her to stop over for a day that he might show her the home in which it was expected she would in future live. After inspecting it she expressed a desire to visit his dead wife's grave. When he asked her why she could not tell him.

It was a bright morning in early summer when they drove to the cemetery. As they walked along one of the avenues leading to the lot Hooper's quick eye discerned a figure trimming a rosebush that hung over the grave of his wife. His heart throbbed with a sudden relief when he saw it was a woman. They were about entering the gate when the figure turned. Hooper staggered and caught at the iron fence.

He saw his wife in the flesh.

"Clarence," she said, "I lie in that grave. By your letters I knew that your heart had been given to another. I took advantage of the disaster that occurred at the time to die to you. Sarah Ingalls helped me, and I went to Europe with her before you returned. I did this to give you every opportunity to win your new love, she whom I gave with you. I have devoted myself to bringing you together. To suggest to you the fact that you loved I wrote the item that prematurely announced your engagement. I have known of your every movement and have calmly awaited this result. Go and make your application for divorce, and I will aid you to get it."

Six months from that time Hooper had divorced his wife and married his new love.

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W. B. MEANS, Smethport

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, May 5, 1910.

Local and General.

—License court will convene at the Court House in this borough next Monday.

—The roof of the J. C. Hamlin building on Main St has been treated to a coat of tar.

—The Saturday night dances at the Lyceum are being continued under the new management.

—A new iron bridge is being placed over Smith's brook at Lyna Gallup's farm in Norwich township.

—A guard rail has been placed along the walk leading to the East Smethport bridge on the Smethport side.

—The Backus Novelty Co. are being kept busy filling orders for dies and various specialties at the present time.

—Landlord T. H. Purtle of the Commercial House has set out a number of shade trees in front of his popular hostelry.

—The plant of the Bradford Razor Strap Co., Bradford, was visited by a $2,000 fire Saturday morning. The origin is a mystery.

—You can solve the problem how to dress that youngster of yours—at a small cost—by reading M. Sheimers advertisement in this paper.

—Next Sunday is Mothers' Day—the day you are to think of the best friend you ever had, your mother, and wear a white carnation in her honor.

—Mr. and Mrs. Jas. Chisholm have moved their household effects from the house owned by Mrs. Margaret Knapp on King St., to the Silas Barrett house on Mill St.

—Hon. J. W. Bouton and Chauffeur Harold Backus went to Bradford Saturday and drove the Judge's new Maxwell touring car home. It is a beauty and is attracting much attention on the streets.

—Sunday evening the local branch of the Glass Bottle Blowers Association will attend memorial services at St. Luke's church. Rev. W. A. Van Dyke will deliver an address topical of the occasion.

—A Punxsutawney special of April 30 says: A fire loss of about $80,000 was sustained yesterday morning in Rossiter, a mining town six miles south of Punxsutawney, when practically the entire business section of the town, including fourteen business houses and a number of dwellings were totally destroyed.

—At the meeting of the Smethport Fire Department to be held tomorrow evening an assistant chief will be elected to fill the vacancy caused by the removal of the former encumbant, Joseph McCabe, to Texas.

—A dime social was held after the meeting of the local Rebekah Lodge at the I. O. O. F. Hall Monday evening. Dancing was one of the principal pastimes of the evening. Excellent music was furnished by Acker's orchestra.

—One hundred members of the Buffalo Merchants Association visited various towns in this section, situated on the main line of the Pennsylvania railroad by means of a special train the latter part of last week. They were on a trade booming tour.

—The rig for the new No. 8 well of the Surprise Oil Co., on the County Farm, is about rigged up. In conversation with Mr. Al. Hyatt of the Surprise Co., that gentleman gave out the information that the company would undoubtedly commence drilling operations Monday.

—The merchants of the town should combine to keep every foreign ad out of their home paper by buying all the space the editor has to spare and utilizing it for their own good. This would place the editor under obligations to them and he could freely and conciensiously blow the trumpet in their interest only.—Ex.

—Last week's Port Allegany Reporter says: William Opper who has at the Studholme pharmacy for so long a time, has gone to Olean where he will have charge of Foster Studholme's perscription department. Bill Opper is not only a good man behind the perscription counter, but he's a social boy that it will do to tie to.

—A car of charcoal at the Smethport Chemical Co.'s plant at East Smethport burst out in flames about 3 a. m. Tuesday morning. An alarm was turned in and the local fire department got in readiness for a run to the scene if their services were needed. This was not necessary as the employees of the plant got the fire under control.

—Another Italian cutting scrape was reported from a west side boarding house on Tuesday night. One of the men became intoxicated and got abusive and it was not long till a knife was pulled and used on his face, cutting a gash about five inches long. The man that got cut called on a physician and had the wound dressed, and said he was to blame, and therefore would not make a complaint against his assailant.—Kane Republican, Friday.

—There will be regular services in the Methodist Episcopal church on Sunday, with preaching at 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 11:45 a. m. and Epworth League at 6:45 with Howard Brownell as leader.

—At Ridgway Saturday, argument was heard by Judge Prather, of Meadville on a motion for a new trial in the case of H. E. Shaffer the Kane attorney who was convicted last February on a charge of embezzlement. Judge Prather presided at the trial and Attorney Shaffer was released on bail following the granting of a motion for a new trial. The Judge withheld his decision.

—J. M. DeKay, a teamster in the employ of the Miller Construction company, while at work to-day hauling logs with a team of unbroken mules, suffered a fracture of the bones of the right leg near the ankle. The mules started quickly, catching Mr. DeKay's leg against a large stone. He was taken to the train. He formerly lived at Duke Centre.—Mt. Jewett News.

—The regular monthly Lemon Club dance was held at the Lyceum last Friday evening and a large number of couples took part in the thespichorean revels until an early hour Friday morning to the music of Chadwick's orchestra. It was a most successful social event. Fine refreshments were served. The committee were: Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Colegrove, Miss Booth, Mr. E. Whitelaw, Miss Rachel Mayo and Mr. R. E. Quirlick.

—The body of the late L. R. Shaw, which has been reposing in the Emery mausoleum since the funeral was removed this afternoon to the Shaw lot in Oak Hill cemetery, where interment took place. Members of the family were present, including the two daughters, Miss Frances Shaw, of Cornwall-on-the-Hudson, N. Y., Miss Carrie Shaw of Jamestown, Mr. and Mrs. A. Park Shaw of Waterford, Pa., and Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Whipple of Olean.—Bradford Star, Saturday.

—The four Indians held in the county jail at Warren on suspicion of having been responsible for the strange disappearance of Bert J. Powers, of Corydon, were released Thursday evening. Evidence against them sufficient to hold them for court could not be secured, and they could not legally be held any longer. However, if it develops later that they were connected with any crime, the district attorney will see that justice is meted out to them. No trace of Powers has been found although a thorough search has been conducted.

—Last evening County Detective E. W. Jones called us to the telephone, and asked us to state that he had received a letter, unsigned, claiming that gambling is being carried on here in two different places in the town, and that persons were losing money who could not afford it. He also said that he cannot take cognizance of an anonymous letter, but that if the writer will send in his or her name, not for publication, but as an evidence of good faith, that he will look up the matter, and if the charge can be proven there will be something doing next term of the County Court.—Mt. Jewett News.

—The Cuba Patriot of last week says: F. M. Copeland was driving through Main street Wednesday with a choice load of cheese belonging to Geo. H. Harris. When passing the Kinney Hotel, he noticed a package in the street just as the wheels passed over it. Upon examination it proved to be a package of dynamite containing five or six sticks. The wheel of the wagon had cut the sticks in two. The soft mud no doubt prevented a disastrous explosion. We hope that those who cart dynamite around will check it up carefully to see that they have lost none. It is not exactly safe lying around the streets. Mr. Copeland is lucky not to have been blown up.

—According to a Washington dispatch, Saturday, President Taft has sent to the Senate the nomination of Edward Troy to be postmaster of Olean, N. Y. Mr. Troy succeeds George Mayer, whose term has just expired. Starting with a large field, the race of the postmastership narrowed down some time ago to Mr. Troy and Charles D. Straight, editor of the Olean Times. Mr. Troy has never taken an active part in politics, but he had the support of Hon. N. V. Franchot and a strong group of prominent men with whom Mr. Franchot is associated. Mr. Straight in his paper roasts Congressman Franchot in an editorial article and cartoon, but says Mr. Troy is a good man.

—A phone message to the Kane Republican from Dunkle, Pa., near Kinzua Village last week, stated that three Italian brothers became engaged in a quarrel which ended in a serious stabbing affray. One of the brothers who had arrived from Italy a few days previous, was the one who suffered the most. After it was all over it was learned that the two brothers had an old grudge against the one who had just landed, and from the way they went at him they intended to kill him, and from reports almost succeeded. The two assassins escaped and the police in nearby towns have been notified. Dr. Evan O'Neil Kane was called from Kane to dress the injured man's wounds which were quite serious.

Stopping Crows From Pulling Corn.

A farmer of one of the central counties wrote to State Zoologist H. A. Surface, Harrisburg, about soaking corn in either coal tar or dilute carbolic acid to keep crows from pulling up newly-planted corn. He said that he suffered much damage in past years through the depredations of crows, and wants to get ahead of them this year.

Professor Surface's answer to this letter contained the following:

"It is commonly reported that corn should be soaked a few minutes in water containing a solution of coal tar or gas tar, and then spread and allow to dry. This will make the corn so bitter that the crows will be suspicious of it and will not eat it for fear of being poisoned. I presume dilute carbolic acid would serve the same purpose, but I am not certain about this.

Different devices have been recommended to keep the crows from pulling corn, one of which is strings stretched around and across the corn field. It is also recommended to sow corn on top of the ground about the time it commences to shoot through the soil, in order to feed the crows at this time, so they will not pull the grain that is planted. It is best for a person to try one or more methods and make a practice of that which he finds best."

Raising Deer to Eat.

That the high price of beef and mutton in the United States can be partially overcome by raising deer for venison as well as for show is maintained by the chief of the biological survey, Dr. C. Hart Merriam. His conclusions, set fourth in a farmers' bulletin, are that elk meat can be produced in many sections of this country cheaper than either beef or mutton and that with comparatively little effort deer raising for venison can be made as profitable as any other live stock industry. A change of the game laws in some states would be the extent of the innovation necessary

Reports of professional deer breeders to the biological survey states that the elk adapts itself to every environment, feeding on browse as well as on grass and will thrive where sheep and cattle won't [illegible] will support [illegible] deer farmer [illegible] be produced [illegible] But venison is [illegible] legal killing season and [illegible] would have to come to the relief of deer farmers seeking a market for their product.

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Oscar Engstrom

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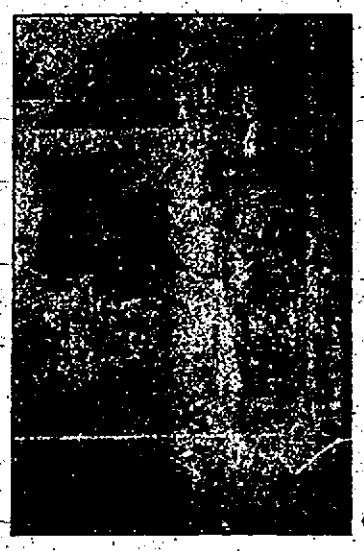

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Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, May 5, 1910.

POLITICAL ANNOUNCEMENT.

For Congress.

Editor Miner:—Will you kindly announce that I am a candidate for Member of Congress from the Twenty-first District, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the primaries to be held next June.

Charles F. Barclay.

Rineimahoning, Pa., Nov. 15, 1909.

Editor Miner: You are authorized to announce my name as a candidate for Congress, from the 21st Congressional District composed of the counties of McKean, Clearfield, Center and Cameron, subject to the Rules of the Republican Party. Primary Election, June 4, 1910.

Yours truly,
Charles E. Patton.

Curwensville, Clearfield Co., Pa.

To The Editor: I hereby announce myself a candidate for Congress in the 21st Pennsylvania district, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held June 4, 1910. I make this announcement and enter the contest in compliance with the earnest requests of many prominent members of the party in the district and also because I believe that in Congress, if elected, I would be in a position to effectively advocate those principles and measures of good government, which now more than ever, should be embodied in Federal legislation. I believe in clean policies and progressive Roosevelt policies. And to the end that I may serve their best interests, I ask the support of the Republicans of this district.

Lewis Emery, Jr.

Bradford, Pa., March 15, 1910.

For Member of Assembly.

To the Editor: I hereby announce myself a candidate for the position of Member of Assembly from McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries, June 4, 1910.

Robert F. Habgood.

Bradford, Pa., March 1, 1910.

Editor Miner: You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for member of Legislature, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries to be held in June.

L. J. Besnor.

Port Allegany, March 4, 1910.

Editor McKean County Miner: I hereby announce myself a candidate for the position of Member of Assembly from McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held June 4th, 1910.

H. H. Redfield.

Smethport, Pa., April 2nd, 1910.

To the Editor of the Miner: I hereby announce that I am a candidate for Member of Assembly from McKean County, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries to be held June 4, 1910.

Samuel E. Bell.

Smethport, Pa., April 7, 1910.

Bjornstjerne Bjornson, [illegible] Norwegian [illegible] and dramatist, died on [illegible] of Dec. [illegible] surrounded by his family. His end was quiet.

The controversy between the 10,000 union miners and operators of the Pittsburg soft coal district, which has caused a months delay in mining was settled late last Friday night. The miners returned to work Monday.

It seems rather strange to note the efforts that are being made to locate the lost Adams boy of Lamont and the passing comment made of the fact that the lost Steffan boy of Ludlow is still missing. Is it possible that there is some distinction made in the necessity of locating the missing boys?

The Republican understands that Kane may have another candidate for the assembly in the person of Mr. Chas. Hubbard. His friends have been urging him to shy his caster into the political arena and he is considering the matter. Should he conclude to enter the race there is no denying that he would pull a large vote, especially in Kane, where he has been a life long resident.—Kane Republican.

The Mt. Jewett Herald is taking a more than passing interest in the various Republican candidates for nominations at the coming primary election. McClellan is a great exponent of clean morals and political reform and his editorial vaporings are at times taken quite seriously—by himself. Perchance a reform movement in Democratic circles by much persuasion could induce the hill-top editor to become its champion as a candidate for legislative honors, and then his moral cleanliness could once more be at the disposal of the voters of the county. It is a bare possibility.

Edward Payson Weston the aged pedestrian finished his ocean-to-ocean walk from San Francisco to New York Monday, when he reached the city hall of the latter city. Weston performed the across the continent stroll in 77 days. In spite of the fact that he labored the first part of the journey with a sprained ankle and encountered bad weather besides having collapsed and being struck by an automobile. His original schedule called for him making the distance of 3,450 miles in 90 days.

As the aged pedestrian walked up Broadway he was accompanied by band music and military and police escort, while thousands of people cheered him. He received no tempting monetary prize for his remarkable performance. He merely demonstrated what a man of 71 years of age is capable of doing after leading a clean and wholesome life.

Major General J. P. S. Gobin, Pennsylvania National Guard, retired, prominent in Pennsylvania affairs for 25 years, and former commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, died at his home at Lebanon, Pa., Sunday, from paralysis, after a long illness. He was 73 years old.

General Gobin was born in Sunbury, Pa., and was a lawyer by profession. He entered the civil war as lieutenant, was rapidly promoted to colonel of the Forty-seventh Pennsylvania Volunteers and was brevetted brigadier general of volunteers and complimented in general orders for gallantry at the battle of Pocotaligo, S. C. General Gobin was with General Sheridan in his famous campaign.

For a time he was judge advocate general of the department of the south and acted as provost judge at Charleston, S. C.

After being mustered out of the army in 1866, General Gobin settled in Lebanon and practiced law. He served for a time as solicitor of Lebanon county and in 1884 he was elected to the state senate, in which body he remained until 1899, when he resigned to assume the duties of lieutenant governor.

During the Spanish-American war General Gobin held a commission as brigadier general of volunteers.

The Norwich Telephone Company Again.

Editor The Miner: In your last week's Miner you seem to retract your former remarks in regard to the sawing down of the telephone poles in Norwich township and the article seems to cast reflections on the management of the Norwich Telephone Company. Now the truth of the matter is as follows: The land in question is owned by a sister and brother; the Norwich Telephone Company had a contract signed by the sister giving the right to erect poles and maintain a telephone line through and over the farm, and the company was carrying out this privilege when the brother appears, making some objections on the ground that he had not signed any papers, and wanted to see our papers before giving his consent. He called at the residence of the writer and looked over our papers and he stated to the writer in plain words that the intended constitution and by-laws of the company covered all of his objections and as his sister had signed the grant it was as good as though he had signed it himself. He further said that we could go on and set the poles; that he had no wish set stakes on the south side of the public road in practically a straight line and as he was going to be away he wanted the writer to be sure and see that the poles were set accordingly.

Imagine the surprise when the "land owner" evidently in a benevolent turn of mind presented a paper demanding fifty dollars for the privilege of setting nine telephone poles across the farm in the limits of the road.

Our poles had been on the premises for several days, and the writer claims we had a perfect right to erect the poles and that the "land holder" in sawing down the poles violated the law and laid himself liable to prosecution for damages; that he went beyond the bonds of reason and betrayed his word and honor. To be sure the matter was settled and why did not the "land owner" have sense enough to let the subject rest without coming out in print and distorting the truth. If it is thunder he craves he is certainly welcome to all he can derive from following such methods. The Norwich Telephone Company is not trying to bull-doze any one, but is trying, under difficulties, to connect a telephone line for the convenience and benefit of all the people.

A STOCKHOLDER.

For Sale.

Horses, wagons, carriages, buggies, harnesses, robes, farming implements, harvesting machinery and fertilizer. In fact if you want anything to supply the horse or farm, new or second hand call on or address

E. W. JONES, Liveryman.

Wanted.

White rags at 3½ cents per pound. Smethport Cutlery Factory, Pa.

Subscribe for The Miner.

MAY NEVER BE TRIED.

Demurrer to be Filed Into Against Imperial Window Glass Co.

The prosecution of the United States government against the Imperial Window Glass company will not be heard at the present term of the Federal court.

It was not announced last week that an agreement had been reached between the attorneys by which a demurrer will be filed on May 9, and an immediate argument had on the demurrer. Should the demurrer be sustained there may never be a trial. Should it be quashed the defense will be ordered to trial; but the trial could not take place before October and might be delayed until next year.

In any event there will be a long delay, as no matter which side is sustained there will be an appeal to the Circuit court of Appeals, and possibly from there to the Supreme court. United States District Attorney Jordan said that this was the first case of its kind to come before the United States courts, and he desires to know that he is moving in the right direction, even at the cost of some delay.

ANTI-ACHE

"Cures headache in a flash"

Relieves the congestion, cools the head, stops the ache. Absolutely safe for old or young. Does not leave slightest ill effects or reaction. Tasteless Tablets All druggists, 10c and 25c

Wayne Chemical Co., Clarion, Pa.

Read the "MINER"

Some Fine Business Opportunities.

Established hardware and plumbing business in Allegany county, N. Y., doing a business of $28,000 a year. Will be sold for inventory about $8,000. Part cash, security for balance.

Established dry goods and shoe store in live town of 1,600 in Allegany county, N. Y. Strictly cash trade, sales $21,000 a year. Fine location, will sell real estate or rent it. Stock of $12,000. Real money maker and best of reasons for selling.

Portable saw mill with 60 h. p. engine, 45 h. p. boiler, 65 inch Trenton saw, edger, cutoff, belting, shafting, and everything necessary to run mill in first class shape. Located on Eldridge farm at Main settlement, 2 1-2 miles from Portville, N. Y. Price $750 cash.

Portable saw mill on Morehouse farm at Little Genesee. Frick boiler, 15 h. p. engine, and complete saw mill equipment, for $350.

Complete laundry equipment in Wellsboro, Pa. Fine location, moderate rent. Business averages $70 per week. Price $1,000. $500 cash, security for balance. Possession at once.

We have 180 money making farms, a large number of hotels, business propositions, village properties, etc. Send for our April real estate list.

Herrick Agency,
BOLIVAR, N. Y.
We Bring Buyer and Seller Together.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, a registered graduate of the Dickinson School of Law, Carlisle, Pa., and a practicing attorney at Smethport, McKean County, Pa., that he will on or before the 10th day of June, 1910, file his credentials with and make application to the State Board of Law Examiners, to be examined by the said Board on the 6th and 7th days of July, 1910, for admission to the Bar of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania.

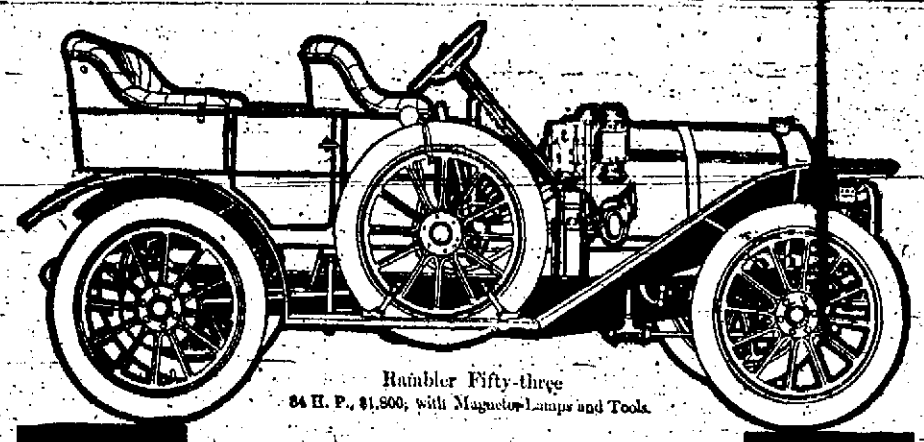
KENNETH MAYO.

Administrator's Notice.

Notice is hereby given that letters of administration in the Estate of James A. Hall, late of Smethport Borough, McKean County, Pa., deceased, have been granted to Sheridan Gorton. All persons having claims against said Estate and the Estate of Sarah A. Hall will present them duly verified; and all persons indebted to said Estates will pay same to

SHERIDAN GORTON,
Administrator.

Smethport, Pa., April 19, 1910.



Rambler Fifty-three
54 H. P., $1,800, with Magneto Lamps and Tools.

THE new $1,800 Rambler is the same in quality and materials as the higher-priced models. In fact, it is a reproduction in smaller size of the new 45-horsepower Rambler.

Built for the man who wants a car of somewhat smaller size, yet of exceptional but not extreme power; a car easier to get about with and easier to drive.

THE NEW Rambler

With 34-horsepower engine, the Rambler offset crankshaft, straight-line drive, 36-inch wheels—the advantages of clearance—Spare Wheel, engine accessibility, aluminum front floor and magneto included, is somewhat better than other cars selling at a higher price. May we give you a demonstration?

Mark M. Pomeroy
Port Allegany, Pa.

SPRING IS THE TIME

to put in that bath room. I have in stock a fine line of fixtures for bath rooms.

Call and look them over. Low in price but high in quality.

Estimates cheerfully given free of charge

E. W. STRONG

PERFECTION IN LAUNDRY WORK

Appeals most strongly to the Up-to-date Launderer who realizes that the high qualities of his work is the best business getter he can employ.

To get new Customers and to hold old Customers, give them High Grade Work, which is essentially attractive to the one who wears it. Our work is the best that can be produced with long experienced and skilled labor.

WE AIM TO PLEASE

Our customers speak of the satisfaction obtained at

CITY STEAM LAUNDRY
"THE QUALITY LAUNDRY"
J. E. ELLIS, Prop.
27-29 Pine Street, Bradford, Pa.
E. O. GASKINS, Local Agent.

THE DUNBAR AGENCY

VOLNEY F. DUNBAR.

You can get all kinds of up-to-date Magazines, Ladies Style Books, Writings of Mrs. Georgie Sheldon, Frank Merriwill's Medal Library, Nick Carter's Magnet Library, and many others too numerous to mention.

Stationery, Garden Seeds, Cigars and notions.

—AT—

DUNBAR'S AGENCY,
Crosby, McKean Co. Pa.

You Cannot be sure of Satisfactory Clothes
Unless you are Sure of the fabrics
They are Made of
"SHACKAMAXON"
Guaranteed Fabrics for Men's Wear. Thoroughly Shrunk.

Made only for merchant tailors. No fabrics made anywhere are more perfect in finish, in wearing qualities, or in color.

Every thread is pure wool.

If any fault develops in any Shackamaxon fabric, no matter how long you have worn it—write to us and we will make it good.

J. R. Kein & Co.,
Shackamaxon Mills, Philadelphia, Pa.

We handle and guarantee the above.
See Saturday Evening Post of April 30, 1910.

H. W. Rubin,
Smethport, Pa.

A SAFE FOOD

for little ones is our high grade and delicious loaves of bread. Our bread with butter forms all the necessary food combination in its best form for growing children and for adults. It is muscle building and gives strength and clean blood to those who make it "the staff of life" which it really is when bought at

PICKERGILLS.

THE EDISON PHONOGRAPH CO.
Announce
Special Sale of
AMBEROL RECORDS AND ATTACHMENTS
10 four minute records for $1.00. Call and let us explain.
Palace Pharmacy, BURG CHADWICK, M. D. Prop.

WHOLESALE LIQUOR STORE.

Having purchased the wholesale liquor business of J. A. Holder I am now prepared to supply the wants of all in the best brands of

WHISKIES WINES BEERS and SOFT DRINKS

PURE GOODS FOR FAMILY USE A SPECIALTY.

Main St **F. H. Hungiville,** SMETHPORT

No Better Investment for Five Hundred Dollars

Is to be found than the Certificates of Deposit issued by the Pittsburgh Bank for Savings. The investor receives a clean cut return of 4% per annum, the interest being mailed to him every six months. The yield begins immediately on issue of the certificate, and there are no fees or expense attached to the collection of either principal or interest. A special booklet on this attractive form of investment will be mailed on request.

THIS BANK ACCEPTS THESE CERTIFICATES AS COLLATERAL ON TEMPORARY LOANS TO THEIR FULL FACE VALUE, THUS SUPPLYING UNEXPECTED CALLS FOR MONEY WHILE LEAVING THE INVESTMENT UNDISTURBED

PITTSBURGH BANK FOR SAVINGS
4th AVE and SMITHFIELD ST.
PITTSBURGH PA.
ASSETS OVER 16 MILLION DOLLARS
WRITE FOR BOOKLET C C.

The Lindholm Company,

McCall's large Fashion Books for June are here. Price 5c each.

Lace Curtain Specials.

Your attention is especially directed to the handsome lace curtains now being shown in that department. At prices ranging from 50c to $6.50 a pair.

Carpet and Rug Specials.

55c a yd. for all wool ingrain carpet, 1 yd. wide, only 4 rolls at the above price, Regular 75c Grade.

60c a yd. for all wool ingrain Carpet one yard wide, any pattern of the Regular 75c Grade for 60c a yard.

38c a yd. for wool Carpets one yard wide, regular price 50c, For 38c a yard.

One $27.50, 9 x 12, Smith's Axminister Rugs for .....$20.50.
Three $22.00 9 x 12, Seamless Axminister Rugs for.....$17.00.
Three $21.00, 9 x 12 Best grade Tapestry rugs for.....$15.75

Window Shades.

One lot of 40c window shades in dark and light green. Special price.....29c

The Lindholm Co.

SMETHPORT, PENNA.

A Marriage Announcement.

We've planed it all, dear Jack and I, were going to marry next July; and we are going to start life right, and make our home a grand delight. Our little home, just nice for two, is furnished and all bright and new, Jack says the floors are smooth bright—Chi-Namel will do that all right. Chi-Namel will do all any other varnish COULD do. It can be washed with hot suds without injury and water can stand on a Chi-Nameled floor for a week without making a white spot. Try a can—50c

worth for 100 sq. ft.

Sold by

Daly & Garlick.

McKean County Miner

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, May 5, 1910.

Local and General.

—Carnival next week.

—The opera "Sylvia," Tuesday night.

—The lawn tennis season is again in full swing in Smethport.

—"Sylvia," prices 25c, 35c, 50c and 75c, seats on sale at Wells'.

—The section of Ridgway that was recently swept by fire will be rebuilt.

—Scott McClure is clerking at Colegrove's grocery during the illness of Ben Young.

—Do not fail to attend the carnival at the Lyceum next week. It is for an excellent cause. Lend your aid.

—"A Nautical Knot" a charming opera that you ought not miss Thursday night. Prices 25, 35, 50 and 75 cents.

—The annual convention of the W. C. T. U. of McKean county is being held at Duke Center today and tomorrow.

—R. W. Hilton has received his new Cadillac touring car. He drove the car to Smethport Saturday and it attracted much attention.

—Harriet, the little daughter of Mr. and Mrs. W. O. Herzog is seriously ill with pneumonia at the home of her parents on Mechanic St.

—Wm. Glavin and Floyd Nichols who were recently poisoned by eating canned rhubarb have fully recovered from the effects of their ordeal.

—Do not forget the carnival nights at the Lyceum next week. Wednesday and Friday evening there will be dancing, with numerous booths, etc.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. S. L. Fry Wednesday, May 4, 1910, a baby girl. The Miner unites in extending congratulations on this auspicious occasion.

—Argument court will convene at the Court House in this borough next Thursday. There are 25 cases entered among them a number of important ones.

—George Alcox returned last Thursday evening from the Kane hospital where he had been confined for over two weeks from the effect of an attack of appendicites.

—Miss Mattie Backus, who recently fell through an elevator shaft at this office, injuring her left leg badly, underwent a surgical operation yesterday at the hands of Dr. Clark.

—A number of relatives gathered at the Main street home of Mr. and Mrs. Charles McKean last evening, the occasion being the 30th wedding anniversary of that estimable couple.

—Rose Hill Cemetery has been undergoing a number of improvements and as a consequence presents a beautiful appearance.

—The Coleville school has closed down for the summer vacation. This school had a very successful term under the direction of the teacher, Miss Sarah Green, of this borough.

—Mrs. M. M. Gillette entertained a number of little folks at her West Main St. home Monday afternoon, the occasion being in honor of her son, Redfield's sixth birthday anniversary.

—J. J. Mundy, former editor of the Potter Democrat, but now a member of the Independent Publishing Co. of Ashtabula, O., publishers of the Ashtabula Daily Independent, has been promoted to managing editor of that paper.

—Ben Young, the popular clerk at Colegrove's grocery has been very ill for over a week past. He has been threatened with an attack of typhoid fever. At the time the Miner goes to press his condition shows considerable improvement.

—A beautiful view of the Halley comet was had this morning from shortly after three o'clock until sunrise, about four. The celestial visitor is located almost centrally in the eastern heavens. The tail extended south west across the entire visible sky and was plainly distinguished.

—The local chapter of the D . R. held a meeting Monday afternoon at the home of Mrs. H. H. Redfield for the purpose of making arrangements for an entertainment to be given May 24, for the purpose of raising funds to erect a boulder on the school house square to commemorate the march of General Broadhead of Revolutionary fame, and his expedition through this section of the state.

—The entertainment given by the Epworth League at the chapel of the M. E. Church last Thursday evening was well attended and was a most successful event. Miss Edna Freeman recited Longfellow's "Robert of Sicily" with her usual ability. Two brief dramas were presented by the following cast: Misses Richards, Campbell, Gallup, Freeman, McGowan, Gleason, Theo. Freeman and Messrs. George and James McGowan, Brownell, Burlingame, Bleyer, Van Dusen and Gallup.

—According to a startling heading appearing in Tuesday's Bradford Era, the Standard Oil Co. of Kentucky has been ousted from doing business in the State of Pennsylvania. Help! Murder and Treason! But the press dispatch which followed disclosed the State to be Texas instead of Pennsylvania. The Era's brazen statement was only a typographical error, which are of rare occurrence in that newsy sheet, and is to be classed in the light of a feeble joke. The offense of the statement is pardonable but not justifiable.

—The only child of Mrs. Anna Bayer Sigman was buried in Rose Hill cemetery on Tuesday afternoon. Mrs. Sigman is the daughter of Lawrence Bayer who formerly lived at Clermont and was one of the prominent citizens of this county. Mrs. Sigman's daughter bore the name of Dwight Sigman and she was eleven years of age. She had been in poor health for some time, and died at the family residence in Pittsburg last Sunday and the body was brought here on Tuesday. Mrs. Sigman was accompanied by her sister, Miss Bayer of Niagara Falls and they were met here by a brother and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. John Bayer of Port Allegany. Services were conducted at the cemetery by the Rev. W. A. Harris.

—On last Thursday night a party of men from Washington, Pa., went to the dam of the Citizens Water Company to spear frogs. When they neared the breast of the dam they were startled to see three men start up from the dark, run along the breast of the dam, jump into a big touring car and speed away. The frog hunters investigated and discovered abandoned fishing paraphernalia, which explained the cause of the rapid flight of the other party—the men had been fishing after night and thought the frog hunters were fish wardens. In telling the joke on the other fellows the frog hunters forgot that frogs are game and this is a closed season and it is possible that there is trouble ahead for both the fishermen and froggers.

—There is a local man who owns a spirited horse which is in the habit of taking freight and running away. The owner as a general rule lets the horse have its own way at such times, the animal soon slacking down its pace if no attempt is made to check its flight. Sunday afternoon the animal came running down Franklin St. at a good rate of speed and the driver was calmly seated in his place when it showed a new way of stopping. At the Main St. crossing opposite the Hamlin bank the horse suddenly stopped and before its next move could be determined, deliberately and calmly sat down on its hind haunches in the road to the edification of the numerous bystanders. The only damage done by the sudden ending of the steed's mad flight was a pair of broken thills.

—The Titusville Courier-Journal has the following to say of the hard luck of an amusement enterprise: Johns Brothers' wild west shows, which opened the season the other day at Corry, is having unusually hard luck, the unseasonable weather and other incidents raising hob. At Corry three horses turned up missing. Two of these have not yet been found, while the third was discovered nearly starved to death locked in a barn where it had been a week without food or water. The company's Indians have been quarantined on account of an attack of smallpox on their reservation. At DuBois, where the shows were Thursday, a car broke in two and besides destroying property it contained, caused a bad wreck and delayed the erection of the tents several hours. During the performance, the ring being muddy and wet, one of the horses ridden by a cowboy fell and the rider was thrown against an iron stake and nearly killed. However, now that there appears to be a change of weather conditions probable, the shows will likely get on. It is said that good performances are given. The owners of the outfit are Warren men.

Wanted—Reliable energetic man to sell lubricating oils, greases and paints in McKean and adjacent counties. STETSON OIL CO., Cleveland, O.

A good cook wanted Hotel Hazel, Hazelhurst, Pa., good wages and steady place for right party.

A SERIOUS SHOOTING AFFRAY.

Occurred at Straights last Sunday Night.

A bad shooting affray occurred at Straights, a short distance from Ridgway, in Elk county, last Sunday night in which two men and a woman were wounded.

Domenic Ferona, one of the men was shot through the lung and was taken to the Ridgway hospital where he is expected to die. The woman was wounded in the head, but it was a glancing shot and she may recover. The recovery of the other victim is also expected.

The men in the affray are all Italians employed in the woods as choppers. It is said that a man named John Nose walked into the shanty of the persons injured and without explaining why, or wherefore began to shoot. When he had finished his murderous work he disappeared.

The suspected Italian had been employed at T. H. Quinn & company's chemical works. He had some grievance against the Italian family where he did the shooting. The woman who was wounded is also an Italian. She is quite aged. The shooting occurred about 8 p. m.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Personal Mention.

Mrs. T. H. Purtle is a Bradford visitor to-day.

W. D. Morey spent Sunday with Bradford friends.

Frank Creighton of Ridgway spent Sunday in town.

Mrs. Sheridan Gorton is a Buffalo visitor this week.

Dr. Antes of Ridgway was a Smethport visitor Monday.

F. J. Wood of Kane was a Smethport visitor last Thursday.

J. Nelson of Kane was a Smethport visitor last Thursday.

County Commissioner Devlin was a Bradford visitor Monday.

M. Scanlon of Colegrove was a Smethport visitor Saturday.

T. J. Butler of Mt. Jewett was a Smethport visitor last week.

Prothonotary B. F. Starsky returned last Friday from a Buffalo visit.

Miss Bertha Kerns of Bradford was a Smethport visitor the past week.

Mrs. H. W. Roeder of Farmers Valley was a Smethport visitor Monday.

Miss Marguerite Knapp was the guest of her sister in Olean Saturday.

George Shepard of Port Allegany was a Smethport visitor last Thursday.

Dr. Fraker and J. Burtley of Mt. Alton were Smethport visitors last Friday.

W. A. James and W. V. Rifle of Kane were Smethport visitors last Thursday.

P. P. Lyon of Bradford was a Smethport visitor the latter part of last week.

Mrs. W. D. Morey returned Monday from a weeks visit with Bradford friends.

Allen C. Hatch left Wednesday for Middle Bass Island, Lake Erie, for the summer.

A. W. Gaffney, W. S. Calderwood and W. Blaisdall of Kane were in town last Friday.

Lawrence Scanlon of Colegrove was a Smethport visitor the latter part of last week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. W. Martin of Kushequa were Smethport visitors Tuesday and Wednesday.

Miss Mayme O'Connell of Mt. Alton was the guest of Miss Mate Connolly during the past week.

Miss Fanny Foster closed her school last week and left for her home in Reynoldsville on Saturday last.

Miss Ella Gallup was an Olean visitor Thursday and Friday of last week, as the guest of Emogene Williams.

Mrs. Emma Sprague who has been spending a few weeks in this place left for her home in Buffalo Tuesday.

Mrs. P. C. Pierce was an Olean visitor Saturday.

Mrs. Robert H. Rose of Binghamton, N. Y., is the guest of relatives in town.

Miss Carrie A. Day, Mrs. T. T. Allen and Miss Fetton were Bradford visitors last Saturday.

Rev. W. E. Van Dyke attended the Arch Deaconry meeting of the Diocese of Pittsburg in Ridgway this week. Bishop Whitehead of Pittsburg was in attendance at the meeting.

The Rev. W. A. Harris attended the Ministers' Club in Olean on Monday. Rev. O. D. Brownback of the Port Allegany Presbyterian church gave a paper entitled "A Character Study of Ahab."

The Rev. and Mrs. S. A. Morse of Olean sailed for Europe from New York yesterday. They will be gone about two months visiting Venice, Milan, Paris, Oberammergau, Cologne, London and Edinboro.

Saturday's Kane Republican says: Hon. James A. McKean came over from the county seat this morning and is piloting Mr. Horace Redfield one of the Republican candidates for member of assembly at the coming primaries, about town. Mr. McKean has a wide acquaintance in Kane, having been a resident of this town many years ago.

WM. MONHEIMER.

Every GRAND-MA

Grand-pa, Mother or Father,

or any other folks who have to look after that Youngster that he is dressed clean and pretty, we would

INVITE

to see our beautiful

Boys Wash Suits

Ages 2 1-2 to 7, from 50c to $2.00

We warrant our wash suits will not fade in washing.

MONHEIMER'S

Home Journal Patterns. Monarch Shirts.

FRY & COMES

Fine Undermuslin.

A new lot of "REED MAKE" Undermuslin for Spring and Summer has just arrived.

We want you to see them while they are crisp and fresh—just as the cover come off the boxes.

"Reed" Underwear is so much better than ordinary sorts that you owe it to yourself to make it yours at once.

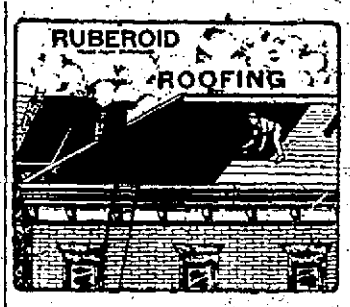
Excellent Materials—fine trimmings—rooms garments—latest designs are so combined here as to make the "REED" underwear the best possible value obtainable.

Corset Covers	25c to $1.50	Chemise	$1.00 to $3.50
Skirts	50c to $3.75	Drawers	25c to $1.60
Gowns	50c to $3.50		

Fry & Comes.

Smethport, - - - Penna.

WHY



are there a multitude of materials called "Rubber Roofing" offered to the Public? The explanation is simple—TO ATTEMPT TO SELL THEM ON THE RECORD AND REPUTATION OF

RUBEROID ROOFING

by selecting a name to catch the unwary purchaser.

RUBEROID is the pioneer and acknowledged standard ready-to-lay Roofing, known to the whole United States and the entire civilized World for 15 years.

It contains no rubber or any other ingredient which will deteriorate with exposure to the elements.

Insist upon having only the genuine. Do not be deceived by unscrupulous manufacturers who try to imitate RUBEROID in name and appearance. See that the registered trade mark "RUBEROID" is stamped on the under side of the material every four feet.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

LUMBER AND BUILDING SUPPLIES OF EVERY DESCRIPTION.

SMETHPORT PENN'A.

THE FIDELITY TRUST CO.

OF BUFFALO

STATEMENT AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS MARCH 25, 1910

RESOURCES		LIABILITIES	
Cash on Hand and in Banks	$1,073,592.69	Capital Stock	$ 500,000.00
Demand Loans	2,017,597.18	Deposits	8,260,849.45
Bonds and Mortgages	842,323.31	Surplus (EARNED)	400,000.00
New York State and other Bonds	4,505,036.45	Undivided Profits	50,220.83
Bank and Office Building	786,870.65	Reserved for Taxes	14,350.00
	$9,225,420.28		$9,225,420.28

GOOD RESOLUTION FOR 1910.

—You have probably made several good resolutions for this year but its not to make another—one that will promote the welfare of both yourself and your family.

Resolve to buy Drugs and Drug Store Goods at OUR Store.

You'll find that a very easy resolution to keep. After once learning how carefully we guard customers' interests you will doubtless be willing to go even on of your way to triple here. Goods of higher quality than we carry are not obtainable, and our service is one we are sure you'll appreciate. Quality considered, no one can sell at lower prices. May we serve you this year? Respectfully,

WELLS' DRUG STORE

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, methport, Pa.

EVERYTHING THE MARKET AFFORDS

In Fruits Vegetables and Fancy Groceries. Special attention give orders fo Dinner Parties, etc.

F. W. BROWNELL,

SMETHPORT, -:- -:- -:- -:- PENNA.

Compulsory Marriage

The Government of Dalmaria Broke Up Bachelorhood and Spinsterhood

By F. A. MITCHEL

Copyright, 1910, by American Press Association.

The population of Dalmaria had been running down for years. The marriage licenses, which formerly had been issued by the city government at the rate of about a hundred a week, had diminished to ten or a dozen a month.

To remedy the evil the government passed a law that all men should be married by their twenty-first birthday and no girl should refuse an offer unless she could prove the proposer to be a man of bad character or that he was not able to support her.

There was consternation among the unmarried of both sexes at the passage of this law. Single men began to bestir themselves to secure—as some of them expressed it—the least undesirable girl in the town. A woman who had received a proposition was given a week to examine into her proposer's fitness and come to a decision. But at the end of the week a new proposer might be accepted. Consequently the girl was not necessarily compelled to marry the first proposer unless no one else entered a claim. This was considered a very wise expedient since it admitted of competition. Nevertheless it resulted in considerable litigation. Girls finding themselves unable to decide between several applicants would defer decision till the limit of time had passed. Sometimes a young man within a few days of his twenty-first birthday would be put off till he had broken the law.

That which has been called the Dumbleton case has come down to us as a cause celebre of this city of compulsory marriages. Irene Dumbleton was what is now called a flirt. It is said that she once met a man at a ball and so twisted his brain that within a couple of days he lay down to an eternal sleep on the bottom of a river. Another within a week after meeting her is reported to have climbed out of the sixth story window of a building and died to the sidewalk below. Irene Dumbleton could do anything she liked with a man, either reduce him to dough or bake him so hard that she could kill an elephant with him. Nevertheless the instances mentioned were doubtless exaggerated.

When the marriage statute became a law Miss Dumbleton saw that she must marry some man who might propose to her. She did not intend that the wrong proposer should come within the limits of the law. She did not mean to wait for a proposition. She made it her object to draw into her net within a week after her first offer as many proposers as possible in order that she might choose between them.

The morning after the law had gone into effect Miss Dumbleton received a basketful of proposals. Some of the proposers were desirable, some were undesirable and some midway between the two. She wrote all the names of men she considered available on cards and laid them in a row in order of their desirability. The next day brought an accession to the list with a consequent introduction of new names and a rearrangement of the order of value. The second and subsequent days brought still larger accessions, until at the last day of grace three-quarters of the eligible bachelors of her class had proposed to her.

One would think that with so many to choose from Miss Dumbleton might find one—all the law allowed—to fill the position of husband. The truth is that the one she really desired, one whom she had previously declined, had not sent in his name as a candidate for reconsideration.

When Miss Dumbleton discovered that the proposal of Egbert Whitmarsh had not been sent in she was seized with a sudden apprehension. If seven days should pass without his having spoken again she would be obliged to choose between humiliating herself before the man she wanted or going to jail.

Miss Dumbleton lay awake all night thrashing her pillow like one in a fever over this alternative. At one moment she vowed that she would marry one of the men who had proposed to her, thus showing Mr. Whitmarsh that he was not wanted. At the next she decided to break the law and go to jail. Finally it occurred to her that Mr. Whitmarsh was not supposed to know of her change of heart. She concluded to make a virtue of necessity and inform him of that change.

That day—the last but one of those left her to comply with the law—she spent three hours writing letters to "My Dear Mr. Whitmarsh," "My Dear Egbert," "My Dear Friend," "Honored Sir," but she neither came to a decision as to which of these modes of address she would use, nor did any of the letters she wrote please her. Finally she threw them all in the wastebasket, went out, bought a few forgetmenots and, putting one of them into an envelope with her card, sent it to Mr. Whitmarsh.

The reply came back to her: "You indicate that you would wish me not to forget you. This is heaping on me a sorrow's crown. If you realized my sufferings on your account you would wish me to forget you as soon as possible."

"Fool!" exclaimed Miss Dumbleton. "Must I tell him that I have changed my mind with regard to him? Yes! No! What shall I do? I have but till tomorrow at noon."

She dashed off the words, "I have changed my mind," and, placing the message in the hands of her servant, told him to take it at once to Mr. Whitmarsh.

The reply was, to say the least, annoying: "To me who have loved you from the first moment I laid eyes on you your message is unintelligible. How can one change one's mind so quickly in a matter of love? Love is not an opinion; it is a mingling of souls."

"Great heavens!" exclaimed Miss Dumbleton. "Only fifteen hours left, and this stupid man will either force me to marry one I don't wish and whom he doesn't wish me to marry or he will send me to jail!"

Miss Dumbleton was in despair. Could Mr. Whitmarsh have changed his mind? Were she assured of this, though to marry another would be to blight her life, she could bring herself to do so. But to give up a man she loved and whom she could not convince that she loved was maddening. She execrated the law that had forced her into such a position. After wildly debating what she should do next she sent Mr. Whitmarsh the following message: "Have you not heard that there are times when a woman says 'No' meaning 'Yes?'"

The reply that came back to this was, "Does a woman who says 'Yes' mean 'No?'"

Miss Dumbleton stamped her foot; she moaned; she did everything except tear her hair. That she would have done had it not been her crowning beauty. Then when she had recovered a bit of calmness she determined to make one more appeal. She wrote:

"The law compels me to accept by tomorrow one of a number of offers I have received."

To this the reply came: "You fill me with grief. How happy would I be to save you if only you loved me. But a marriage of convenience—impossible! To marry one I devotedly love merely to convey upon her a favor would profane my most sacred feelings."

When Miss Dumbleton received this message a suspicion came to her that Mr. Whitmarsh was not such a fool after all. Indeed, it occurred to her that he was playing with her. Was it in revenge for the treatment he had himself received at her hands, or did he propose to punish her for what she had inflicted on his sex? At any rate, she could go no further. She considered the plan of inviting him to come to see her with a view to determining by observation what was his real attitude toward her, but she felt that she had already demeaned herself to the utmost, and she could not bring herself to do so any further.

On the morning she must accept one of her suitors or violate the law a basket of beautiful cut flowers came to her with Mr. Whitmarsh's name attached. For a few moments she was overjoyed. Could it be possible that he would relent? She waited awhile, but received no further word from him and abandoned herself to despair.

* * * * * * *

"The state against Dumbleton!" called the clerk of the court.

Miss Dumbleton stepped to the front.

"Irene Dumbleton," said the judge, "you are charged by the matrimonial bureau with a violation of the marriage laws in that you have refused to marry Alfred Trimmingham, first of fifty-four proposers, and you made no claim that he is of bad character or that he cannot support you. Do you plead guilty or not guilty?"

"Guilty, your honor."

"How comes it," rejoined the judge, "that with so many suitors to choose from you cannot find one to please you?"

The lady stood silently looking at the floor.

"This, your honor," said the prosecuting attorney of the matrimonial bureau, "is the most flagrant case we have had. This woman ever since she came of a matrimonial age has drawn suitors to her, keeping them from proposing to other women and refusing to marry any one of them herself. And now we have all these bachelors who claim that they have complied with the law in proposing to her to encumber the calendar with their cases. I trust that your honor will inflict upon her the heaviest penalty the law allows."

"Once more, Irene Dumbleton," said the judge, "I ask you to choose one from among the fifty-four men who are willing to marry you. I would remind you that the law does not permit a woman to change her mind and be released from the penalty after sentence has been imposed, though she may do so before she has received her sentence. The extreme penalty that I can impose upon a woman refusing to marry is ten years' imprisonment, with the addition of one year for every man who has made her a proposition. It will therefore be my duty to send you to prison for sixty-four years, and when you are again free to marry, you being eighty-six"—

"Eighty-four, your honor."

—"you will not find a matrimonial market equal to that of today. Will you choose?"

The woman remained silent.

"Then, Irene Dumbleton, I sentence"—

"Hold, your honor!" cried a voice. Egbert Whitmarsh advanced. "I propose for the hand of this woman Irene, will you marry me?"

"No."

"In the feminine vocabulary, your honor, I am told 'No' means 'Yes,'" said Whitmarsh. And, taking Miss Dumbleton's hand, he drew it under his arm and led her out of court.

EFFECT OF SUGGESTION.

It Can Fill Our Lives With Gladness or With Misery.

There is nothing that plays so important a part in the daily life of men and women as does suggestion, says H. Addington Bruce in the Delineator. Mentally, morally and to a large extent physically we are what we are because of its influence. Suggestion can make of us saints or criminals, heroes or cowards. It can lift us from beds of sickness or doom us to a hopeless invalidism. It can fill our lives with gladness or with misery. It is a great force ceaselessly operative, unescapable. But it is a force that we can nevertheless direct and utilize if we only understand its laws, and the more wisely, the more persistently, the more thoroughly we use it, the happier and healthier we shall be.

No matter how many setbacks come, keep repeating to yourself optimistic autosuggestions. Repetition is one of the most forceful instruments of suggestion. There is a great truth underlying the familiar saying "As a man thinketh, so is he." Moreover, you can utilize the law of repetition to draw from your surroundings beneficial suggestions that will powerfully re-enforce your autosuggestions. You can do so because every detail in your environment is of suggestive value to you, and, although no one can make this environment all that it should be, nevertheless it is quite within your power to modify it in such a way that it will give you a maximum of helpful and a minimum of harmful suggestions.

A FAMOUS TIMEPIECE.

The Astronomical Clock at Hampton Court Palace.

The famous astronomical clock at Hampton Court palace, near London, is the first timepiece of that character erected in England and was made for Henry VIII. in 1540. According to Ernest Law, the historian of Hampton Court palace, it was the creation of Nicholas Cratzer, a German astronomer, who visited England at the invitation of Cardinal Wolsey, who introduced him to the king.

It is possible to learn from it the hour, the month, the day of the month, the position of the sun and the number of days since the beginning of the year, phases of the moon and its age, the hour at which it crosses the meridian and the time of high water at London bridge. The winding of the clock occupies half an hour every week. The weights descend to a depth of more than sixty feet.

Like many other things about the palace, it has its legends. It is related that when Anne of Denmark, queen of James I., died in the palace the clock, which was striking 4 at the moment, immediately stopped. This it is said to do whenever any old resident in the palace died within its precincts, and alleged modern instances of the fact are quoted solemnly by the credulous.—Argonaut.

How He Won Her.

A man who married his stenographer won her through sheer persistency. Although it was evident to the wooer that the young woman did not regard him entirely without favor, he found it extremely difficult to get her to listen to his plea. The stenographer refused to lunch, sup or go to the theater with her admirer. Finding every avenue of approach blocked, the determined courter, who possessed some literary facility, wrote a short love story, in which the girl and he were the leading figures. This story he sent to the stenographer every morning for a month and ordered her to typewrite it for him. She dared not refuse to do as her employer commanded, and, realizing through the story that he would never give up until she married him, she finally acquiesced.—Chicago Record-Herald.

They Paid the Price.

The corporation of the city of Glasgow wanted to purchase the Whistler portrait of Carlyle and in due course waited on the master of the gentle art of making enemies about the price (1,000 guineas). They admitted it was a magnificent picture, but "Do you not think, Mr. Whistler, the sum a wee, wee bit excessive?"

"Didn't you know the price before you came to me?" asked the master, with suspicious blandness.

"Oh, aye, we knew that!" replied the corporation.

"Very well, then," said Mr. Whistler in his suavest tones, "let's talk of something else." And as there was nothing else of interest to detain the "corporation" they paid the price and made an excellent bargain.

Airy.

"I'm looking for a breezy march," said the bandmaster in a Chestnut street music store the other day.

"How about this one dedicated to the Aero club?" the facetious clerk asked.

"I suppose it is written for wind instruments," the bandmaster countered.

"Well, the air is easy," the clerk shot back, and the interchange stopped.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Well Satisfied.

"Old Grabber ought to be satisfied with the money he has."

"He is satisfied—so much so that he wants a lot more of exactly the same kind."—London Tit-Bits.

Already Done.

Pa—But, young man, do you think you can make my girl happy? Suitor—Do I? Say, I wish you could a seen her when I proposed.—Cleveland Leader.

NERVOUS TWITCHINGS.

An Affliction From Which Men of Genius Often Suffer.

Many men of genius, like the insane, are subject to curious spasmodic and choreic movements. Professor Lombroso in one of his books pointed out that Lenau and Montesquieu left upon the floor of their rooms the signs of the movements by which their feet were convulsively agitated during composition.

Buffon, Dr. Johnson, Santeuil, Crebillon and Bombardini exhibited the most remarkable facial contortions. There was a constant quiver on Thomas Campbell's thin lips. Chateaubriand was long subject to convulsive movements of the arm.

Napoleon suffered from an habitual spasm of the right shoulder and of the lips. "My anger," he said one day after an altercation with Lowe, "must have been fearful, for I felt the vibration of my calves, which has not happened to me for a long time."

Peter the Great suffered from convulsive movements which horribly distorted his face. "Carducci's face at certain moments," writes Mantegazza, "is a veritable hurricane; lightnings dart from his eyes, and his muscles tremble." Ampere could express his thoughts only while walking and when his body was in a state of constant movement. Socrates often danced, and Jumped in the street without reason.

FRENCH TRADESMEN.

Bows and Smiles and Flattery All Used in Business.

"Bon jour, madame." This in a cordial tone and accompanied by a ready smile is the welcome of your French tradesman or tradeswoman. With lowly bows and widespreading smiles he shows himself delighted to serve you. If you look over everything in the shop and buy only the wing of a chicken yet he will just as smilingly bow you out and hope to see you again.

Once I entered my milkman's spotless shop and was met by Monsieur Jean himself. "Oh, Monsieur Jean," I smiled, "I am so sorry! Your milk is so delicious, but I find that I cannot use all of 4 cents' worth a day." Monsieur Jean was all sympathy, understanding at once and answered, "But, madame, let me send you half that quantity, 2 cents' worth. Trent's worth—what you will." And with a shrug and a smile, as if to say, "What is 2 cents' worth of milk compared with the honor of your patronage?" he put my fears to rest.

The subtle flattery of the tradesman is really good business. One is only human, and it is so pleasant to be a person of consequence! I resolved on the spot to buy all my butter and cheese from Monsieur Jean as well as the milk.—New Idea Woman's Magazine.

A Dog and a Song.

During one of the last birthday celebrations of the poet Whittier he was visited by a celebrated oratorio singer. The lady was asked to sing, and, seating herself at the piano, she began the beautiful ballad "Robin Adair." She had hardly begun before Mr. Whittier's pet dog came into the room and, seating himself by her side, watched her as if fascinated, listening with a delight unusual in an animal. When she finished he came and put his paw very gravely into her hand and licked her cheek. "Robin takes that as a tribute to himself," said Mr. Whittier. "He also is Robin Adair." The dog, hearing his own name, evidently considered that he was the hero of the song. From that moment during the lady's visit he was her devoted attendant. He kept by her side when she was indoors and accompanied her when she went to walk. When she went away he carried her satchel in his mouth to the gate and watched her departure with every evidence of distress.

Courtship in China.

A curious custom prevails at Huayninghsien, in Kwangsi. On the fifteenth day of the first month in each year all the young ladies and gentlemen take a walk to the Yenyen mountain. Each damsel carries a little box, which she deposits at the foot of the hill. Any young gentleman desirous of entering the bonds of matrimony may select one of the boxes and take it away with him, whereupon the fair owner of the box makes herself known, and an acquaintanceship is thus formed. Ill assorted matches are not likely to occur, as this custom is observed only among the well to do classes of society.

Rattled.

A nervous looking man walked into a grocery store with his baby on one arm and a kerosene can on the other, placed the can on the counter and said, "Sit there a moment, dear." Then, holding the baby up to the dazed clerk, he added, "Fill this thing up with kerosene."—Argonaut.

Cheerful.

Old Nurse (to newly married couple after viewing the wedding presents)—Well, my dears, you ought to be very happy. There ain't a thing amongst 'em as a pawnbroker wouldn't be pleased to handle.—London Punch.

A Kicker.

"Got a new baby at your house, have you? Boy or girl?"

"Girl, but she's an anarchist. She hasn't done a thing but howl indignant protests against existing conditions since she came."—Chicago Tribune.

The understanding is always the dupe of the heart.—La Rochefoucauld.

A SMALL BIRD.

But It Had a Mighty Swat When It Came Down Dead.

W. M. Newson tells of an amusing incident in which a dead duck displayed more activity than would a live one. The incident is as follows:

"We saw a small flock of broadbills approaching. They came directly for us, but unfortunately did not stop for our decoys. As they arrived almost over us we stood up and fired. I pulled on a nice plump looking drake. He started to fall, so I turned my second load loose rather promiscuously and then started to load up. Behind me Johnny was still shooting. Then Johnny yelled, and something hit me a mighty swat on the back of my neck, whereupon I tried to clean a big hunk of stone of its barnacles by means of my nose and front teeth. This may be pleasant to look upon, but it is not an enjoyable pastime.

"I had always liked Johnny, but the thought that he had hit me on the back of the neck and was now laughing was too much. I started for him with murder in my eye and a large driftwood stick in my hand. Johnny, still in fits of laughter, pointed behind me and mumbled some words about 'duck.' I looked around, and there behind me on the rocks was the same plump looking drake that I had shot at the first time. It was hard to realize that such a small bird had such a mighty swat.

"When Johnny had come out of his convulsions and I had picked the feathers out of my back hair we looked around a bit and found there were four dead broadbills, so I cheered up a bit. Johnny didn't need any cheering up."—Recreation.

HE WAS THANKFUL.

A Reporter Who Appreciated the Attentions of His Superior.

A reporter for a Philadelphia newspaper was sent up the state to act as staff correspondent in an important court trial. It was the reporter's first big out of town assignment, and his managing editor kept the telegraph wires busy with instructions and inquiries. For two days and two nights the reporter had received a dispatch from his office half hourly, and it began to get on his nerves.

At the end of the second day he worked until 2 o'clock in the morning, filed his last page of copy, received word that his story had been received, and he went to bed. Just as he was putting out the light the hotel porter appeared with the inevitable tray and the inevitable telegram. The [illegible] and read:

[illegible] court open in the [illegible]

[illegible] He hated the sight of it instantly. He had been fleeing the chase of the dispatches only to have them pursue him to bed. He sat down and wrote to his editor the most courteous answer he could compose:

"Court opens at 9 o'clock in the morning. It is now 2. Thank you for waking me up, though."—Philadelphia Times.

Balzac's Way.

Jules Sandeau relates that one time while living in Paris Balzac locked himself up in his room for twenty-two days and twenty-two nights, refusing to see any one and keeping the curtains closed and the lights continually burning even in broad daylight. The only human being he saw during this time was his servant, whom he rang for when he felt the need of food and which he washed down with numerous cups of coffee. He would throw himself on his bed only when entirely exhausted from lack of sleep, and he remained in complete ignorance of what was transpiring outside, the state of the weather and even of the time and day of the week. He only freed himself from this voluntary captivity when he had written the word "End" on the last page of the manuscript he began when he entered his prison.

Coral That Shocks.

On the coast of the West Indian islands a curious kind of coral is found, called "millepora." This has a most extraordinary property, which makes the people who know it very shy of handling it. The moment you pick up a piece a sort of electric thrill runs through you and an agonizing pain shoots through your jaws. You feel as if every tooth and every nerve and muscle connected with them was burning. The acute pain lasts generally for about half an hour and slowly passes off, but the effects do not disappear entirely for hours. The reason of this curious shock or poisoning is a mystery.

Not Dangerous.

"Madam, I thought I would tell you I met your husband awhile ago, as I learn he had started from home to fill a term he quarreled with."

"Oh, sir, tell me—was my poor William shot?"

"No, madam. Your poor William was only half shot."—Baltimore American.

Depressing Sights.

If there is anything to me depressing than walking in an overcoat tombstone or the sight of a dining room table covered with dirty dishes what is it?—Atchison Globe.

He Knew.

Teacher—Now, Willie, tell us one of the principal events in Roman history and mention the date. Willie—Mark Antony went to Egypt cos he had a date with Cleopatra.—Harper's Bazar.

If you would hit the target aim a little above it. Every arrow that flies feels the attraction of earth.—Longfellow.

State.

Governor—Edwin S. Sturat.
State Treasurer—John O. Shaw.
Auditor General—Robert K. Young.
Sec'y. of Internal Affairs—Henry Houck.
President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—C. F. Barclay, Salamanca.
State Senator—Frank B. Baldwin, Austin.
Members of Assembly—James A. McKean, Smethport; E. W. Hilton, Smethport.
District Attorney—Guy B. Mayo, Smethport.

County.

Sheriff—Wm. H. Morrison, Smethport.
Prothonotary—B. F. Swarsley, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Choate, Smethport.
Register—J. E. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—Frank E. Fowler, Smethport.
County Treasurer—F. P. Isherwood, Bradford.
Commissioners—A. M. Marsh, Bradford; Thos. J. A. Peterson, Bradford; John P. Doyle, Bradford.
Commissioners' Clerk—A. B. Walker, Bradford.
Jury Commissioners—M. H. Adsit, Bradford; W. G. Holder, Smethport.
Auditors—A. A. Abbey, Smethport; A. B. Anderson, Clermont; A. R. Cary, Coryville.
Coroner—H. R. Sherman, Bradford.
County School Superintendent—Bardette R. Mayle.

Borough.

Burgess—S. H. Cleveland.
Council—H. H. Heath, President; F. H. Biever, Secretary; J. W. Watts, R. W. Workley, G. H. Deanin, F. L. Shamburne, J. C. Backus, H. B. Sauer.
Justices—E. C. Gleason, A. W. Colegrove.
Constable—U. H. Foote.
School Directors—D. C. Young, President; F. D. Gallup, secretary; W. J. Special, treasurer; John R. Eastman, H. H. Redfield, John Clark.
Collector—E. C. Gleason.
Assessor—G. H. Hyde.
Auditors—J. A. Swanson, C. B. Corwin, W. R. Stark.
Judge of Election—H. S. Babbs.
Inspectors of Election—E. T. Daly, H. M. McClure.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 358, meets of the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 8:15 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.
RALPH E. BURDICK, W. M.
W. J. SPECHT, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiatory degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; 2nd degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.
MARTIN CARLSON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Sec'y.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.
J. C. CUNNINGHAM Chief Patriarch.
J. A. SWANSON, Scribe.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall Friday afternoon.
LYDIA ABBEY, Com.
BELLE EAGAN, R. K.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 38, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.
C. M. COLEGROVE Pres.
ESTELLA B. GALLUP, Secretary.

Phoenix Chapter No. 16, O. E. S.—Meets first and Third Thursdays in each month, in Odd Fellows' Hall.
EMMA M. BAYLE, W. M.
MRS. R. E. BURDICK, W. M.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every other Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree every 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.
DARL HAVNER, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

CHURCHES.

Methodist Episcopal.—W. A. Harris, pastor. Class Meeting Sunday at 10:00 a. m.; Preaching at 10:30 a. m.; Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Epworth League at 6 p. m.; Epworth League at 6:30 p. m.; evening service at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Wednesday at 8 p. m.

Episcopal.—Rev. W. B. Van Dyke, rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Additional services at 8 a. m. except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 12 m.

All Saints Memorial Chapel—East Smethport. Rev. W. B. Van Dyke, rector. Divine Services and Sunday School every Sunday at 2:30 p. m.

St. Elizabeth's Catholic Church—J. F. Doran, pastor. Services at 10:30 a. m.

Wesleyan Methodist Church—J. B. Tiffany, pastor. Services at the Baptist church every Sunday at 2:30 and 7:30 p. m. Prayer meeting Wednesday evening at 7:30.

A. T. Palmer

Agent for Empire Drill Co.
Agent for Osborne Harvesting Machinery, Grain Binders, Corn Binders, Reapers, Mowers, Feeders, Hay Rakes, Harrows, Cultivators, etc.

UNDERTAKING
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A Well Planned Escape

Liberty Came to One Whom the Law Imprisoned

By CARRINGTON FORD

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It is said of men who make enormous fortunes by wrecking large properties that they always have a lawyer at their elbows to advise them that they shall keep within the law. It would have been well for James Maxson had he done the same. The difference between Maxson and these men is that they are rogues putting themselves without the pale of the law, while Maxson was an honest man putting himself in a position where the law was obliged to punish him.

Maxson was a banker, a young man not over thirty, with a lovely wife and two beautiful children, whom he adored. Without knowing that he was doing so he violated the national banking law and was sent to prison for ten years. The parting with his wife and children was harrowing beyond measure. He felt that to serve the whole of his term would break him down completely and he would not live to rejoin them. A number of very strong friends accompanied him to the prison doors, and all told him that if there was anything they could do for him to command them. Maxson begged them to assist him to escape, and they promised to do so.

Two of them, Woodruff and Somers, met the same evening at Mrs. Maxson's house to form a plan on which to get the husband and father at liberty. It was agreed that Mrs. Maxson, who could easily gain access to the prison, should interest some of the officials there in her case and induce them either through sympathy or by bribery to assist her husband to get out of the penitentiary inclosure.

The formation of a plan of escape made a wonderful difference both to the prisoner and his family. The easiest way to turn a child from disappointment is to divert his mind with the promise of something to take the place of the object coveted. The man is but a grown child. It was comparatively easy for Maxson to endure his captivity so long as his mind was occupied with and his hopes centered on his escape.

On her second visit to her husband she began to study the officials there with a view to selecting one or more of them to interest in her case. Maxson, being much broken down in health at his entrance into the prison, succeeded in getting himself transferred to the hospital. There Mrs. Maxson, while visiting him made the acquaintance of Thomas Boyle, a hospital warden, a man with a kind disposition. She took pains to tell him the story of her husband's incarceration—how if he had managed certain financial transactions in a different way from what he did he would have been still a respected banker instead of a felon. Then she told him of the wreck of their happy home, how their two little children were constantly asking when papa was coming back to them, of her own distress. In this way she won the man's sympathy, and finally by offering to make him independent in case he would contrive to get her husband beyond the prison walls she captured him to her purpose.

Boyle thought the matter over and decided upon taking in an assistant. A night watchman named Hunter had access to the main office room of the prison where was kept a key that must be obtained or duplicated before there would be any hope of getting Maxson out of the prison building. Boyle told Mrs. Maxson to endeavor to interest Hunter in the plan by offering him a large sum of money. She succeeded, and after she had done so Boyle communicated with Hunter, and they formed a plan together to get Maxson out of the building and into the prison yard. There they were to assist him to scale the walls, and he was to be met by his friends on the other side.

The key required was to open Maxson's cell. It hung on a nail in the warden's safe. Hunter could get in there only when the warden was present. To take the key from the nail and not return it immediately would have revealed the fact that Maxson was to be permitted to escape. Hunter's object was to secure an impression of the key, from which a duplicate could be made. When he was ready to operate he rushed into the warden's office and told him he had heard something like a shot in the other end of the prison. The warden went to the door and listened. Hunter while the man's back was turned slipped the key he wanted from its nail and hung another in its place. Then Hunter left the office, saying that he would go and see if there was any trouble. When he returned he had a wax impression of the key and, watching his opportunity, exchanged the real key for its substitute.

Meanwhile Boyle had procured a ladder, which he had concealed in a convenient place to be used by Maxson in climbing the wall. There was a second wall which the prisoner would need to climb, and Mrs. Maxson had arranged with his two friends, Woodruff and Somers, to be outside this second wall at the time of the escape to throw a rope over for him to climb upon. He was to make known his presence by throwing a stone over the wall.

There were so many contingencies to the success of the plan that Boyle and Hunter were loath to go on with it. Hunter would have backed out had it not been for the earnest pleading of Mrs. Maxson. It was all she could do to hold him to his purpose. When all else failed she agreed to double the amount of his reward. That decided him. Nothing remained but to appoint a certain night when Woodruff and Somers should be ready at the outer wall and the attempt should be made.

The night arranged for was very dark, a high wind howling furiously. This was in some respects an advantage, for the operations of the conspirators were less likely to be heard. After midnight Boyle gave Maxson a suit of clothes, let him out of his cell and conducted him to the prison yard. Boyle knew just where guards and watchmen were stationed and how to avoid them. In the yard they found Hunter. Boyle withdrew the ladder from its hiding place and put it up against the wall.

It was far too short.

It looked as if, after all the planning and pains, the attempt was to be a failure. There was no possibility of the prisoner getting on the wall. His assistants were wild with terror. They had as much at stake as the man they were trying to set free. To return him to his cell would be to incur again the risk they had taken in getting him out. They must put him over that wall.

"For heaven's sake, Hunter," gasped Boyle, "what shall we do?"

"I'll go to the dining room and get a table."

"Go quick."

The table was brought and stood near the wall. The ladder was placed on it, but it was still too short. Maxson climbed it, but could not get his fingers on the wall's top.

"Steady!" called Boyle in a loud whisper, and he and Hunter, who were both strong men, raised the ladder the height of their shoulders.

"A little more!" called Maxson.

By a combined effort they raised it as high as they could reach, and the prisoner got on to the wall.

Boyle and Hunter were still in terrible danger of discovery. Until they had removed the table and the ladder and had returned to their duties they were not safe. But they accomplished it all. Their work was done. Each had a promise of what to him was a small fortune.

Maxson must take a jump in the dark. What was below him, how far it was to the ground, he did not know, and he could not see. He might break his neck; he might break a limb. The latter alternative seemed worse to him than the first, for if he were unable to walk he would be recaptured, placed in the cell he had occupied and would doubtless die in prison. He must take the risk. Hanging by his fingers, he let go and dropped. He struck soft ground and, though jarred, was not injured.

What there was about him was not revealed under the heavy clouds scudding across the sky. Which direction to take to reach the outer wall he did not know; but, placing his back against the wall he had scaled, he walked straight forward. He had not gone fifty paces before he brought up against the second barrier. All he knew of his friends' position was that they had been instructed to be as near as possible to the point where he was to scale the first wall. He groped about to find a stone to throw over the wall, but could feel nothing but dirt. Oh, for a flash of lightning that he might see some object that he could use!

After spending what seemed to him half an hour hunting for a stone—it might have been ten minutes—fearing that his friends would think the attempt had either been postponed or had failed and would go away, he went to the wall, clutched it frantically and for a moment gave way to despair. Then it occurred to him to throw over some loose dirt. Scooping some damp earth in his hands, he made a ball of it and tossed it over the wall. He listened, but no sound came. The stillness was horrible. He scooped up another handful and, walking a short distance to his right, threw that over. Again he listened. Suddenly something fell on the ground near him, but how near or in which direction from him he could not tell. He rushed about him for some time, when suddenly he encountered a rope.

With a stifled cry of joy he pulled on it. He encountered resistance. Walking to the wall, he bore his weight on the rope. It was firm. Then he began to climb.

It was all his strength could accomplish to take him to the top. Indeed, without the incentive he possessed he could not have done it. Once on the wall he called in a low voice. Woodruff answered and told him to drop. He did so, and his friends each grasped one of his hands. Then they hurried him away.

There would be no safety in meeting his family. When he was missed their movements would be watched. He was taken to a place some distance from the jail, where a carriage was waiting, and driven twenty miles to a railway station. His friends had brought with them materials for a makeup, and when he alighted at the station he appeared as an old man.

Maxson was concealed for weeks in the house of one of his relatives. When the excitement attending his escape had worn off he took passage under an assumed name for Australia. There he was joined by his wife and children, and there he lives today, but far from where he would be liable to meet any one who would recognize him. Twenty years have passed since he made his escape, and now he would not be known as the same man.

His two assistants were never known to be implicated in his escape, and both soon after left the state service and set up in business.

When Lincoln Sat For His Bust.

When Vinnie Ream, the sculptor, was a mere child still and her experience in modeling consisted of a few busts and medallions she timidly asked President Lincoln to permit her to model his bust. "I don't know why any one should want the picture or statue of so homely a man," he answered and at first declined to sit. But when Senator Nesmith told him that the western girl, "who was poor, but talented," would be disappointed if unable to secure this favor he turned quickly and said: "She is poor, is she? Well, that is nothing against her, and I will sit for the model."

During the sittings the great man would watch with much interest the hands of the girl sculptor at her work; but, speaking of him later, she said: "For the most part he was sad and silent, weighed upon by the stress of a nation in peril and his own recent personal loss of a beloved son. Ah, those were sad days at the White House! One day the president's eyes were full of tears as he turned from gazing out of the window, and he said to me, 'I am thinking of Willie.'"—Designer.

Curious Training Methods.

Every baseball player seems to have his own system, and some of the methods used are laughable, and few are of any practicable value. One young catcher who joined a National league club a few years ago brought five gallons of iron, beef and wine in jugs in his trunk to make him strong. Cannon balls that weigh twenty-five pounds are used to roll over the abdomen. Iron rolling pins, special bandages, a thousand kinds of rubbing oils and lotions, ranging from patent medicines to horse liniments and oil made by boiling down fishing worms, vibrators of all sizes and shapes, odd arm bakers to be superheated with electricity and rubber bands are employed. Hotel rooms are turned into gymnasiums, and one of the funniest sights of a year is to sit in a card game with half a dozen players swathed like puffy mummies in blankets, sweaters and flannels until they look as if they were starting on an arctic journey.—American Magazine.

Wellington's Coolness.

The Duke of Wellington was one day sitting at his library table when the door opened and without any announcement in stalked a figure of singularly ill omen.

"Who are you?" asked the duke in his short and dry manner, looking up without the slightest change of countenance upon the intruder.

"I am Apollyon. I am sent here to kill you."

"Kill me? Very odd."

"I am Apollyon and must put you to death."

"Bliged to do it today?"

"I am not told the day or the hour, but I must do my mission."

"Very inconvenient; very busy; great many letters to write. Call again or write me word. I'll be ready for you."

The duke then went on with his correspondence. The maniac, appalled probably by the stern, immovable old gentleman, backed out of the room and in half an hour was in an asylum.

A Legend of February.

Here is the pretty legend which tells why February has only twenty-eight or twenty-nine days. Long ago, they say, February was a gambler, and he was so unlucky that he soon lost all his money. Like other gamblers, he tried to recover it, and he said to his companions that if they would lend him some money he would give them as security one of his days. January and March, who were naturally associated with him more often than any of the other months, accepted his offer, and as poor February soon lost the money which he had borrowed each of them acquired one of his days. That is why January and March have each thirty-one days and February has only twenty-eight in ordinary and twenty-nine in leap years.

A Faithful Servant.

Carlyle told once of a lawsuit pending in Scotland affecting the succession to a great estate of which he had known something. The case depended on a family secret known only to one old servant, who refused to reveal it. A kirk minister was sent to tell her she must speak on peril of her soul. "Peril of my saul!" she said. "And would ye put the honor of an auld Scottish family in competition with the saul of a puir creature like me?"

When Women Rule the Wave.

"Captain, I have to report that the ship is sinking rapidly."

"I wish to goodness, Gertie, you wouldn't bother me so often. However, you may cut her stays, which will probably relieve her, and have the stewardess serve tea at once in the pink room."—Life.

Platt's Response.

Thomas C. Platt was asked once upon a time whom he considered the greatest Republican politician of his day and generation.

"I have often wished," was Platt's response, "that I had been Quay's office boy for six months or more."—Pittsburg Dispatch.

Cash and Credit.

"Father, what is meant by bankruptcy?"

"Bankruptcy is when you put your money in your hip pocket and let your creditors take your coat."—Fliegende Blatter.

No Barrier.

Miss Playne—You can't marry Jack because I'm engaged to him. Miss Faire—What's that got to do with it?—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Little Green Auto

It Brought Great Joy Into the Lives of Two People

By ALICE E. ALLEN

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Why I first watched for that particular automobile I don't know—perhaps because it was dark green instead of red, perhaps because there was room in it for only two people.

Perhaps, though, the real reason why I watched the little green automobile was because of the man who drove it.

The hour after the green automobile passed our porch was the best one I had all day, because, you see, I was well and strong, like other people, and I rode away in the green automobile. Always I wore a pretty long coat—warm days it was soft and silky, and cold days it was soft and furry—and the prettiest hat and a pale blue veil with long ends, just like the other ladies in their autos. Really, though, after I once flew away round the corner and along the smooth, broad road beyond I never once thought again of what I wore, for there was the country. Sometimes the road wound between beautiful wind blown meadows of daisies and tall grasses; sometimes it lost itself in tangles of sweet, moist woods; sometimes it ran down hills and across bridges only to climb other hills with other sunny spaces, other patches of woodland and other hills beyond.

Of course I was too old to play such things. But if one hasn't walked a step in five years and never can walk again one has to imagine things sometimes.

Then came the day when Billy, the little boy next door, fell asleep in the middle of the road. I called and called, but I could not wake him, nor make his mother in the house hear, nor any mother, nor [illegible]. And then, just as I knew it was the green automobile came [illegible] corner from the city.

I [illegible] said, I waved [illegible] the man in the [illegible] looking [illegible] almost at once he [illegible] to Billy. He jumped out of the car, picked Billy up just as carefully and laid him on the grass under the maple tree. Then he lifted his cap to me, and away he went in the little green auto.

Well, the very next day the green automobile ran so slowly past our house I almost thought it was going to stop. Billy was playing under the tree. The man in the auto called to him and handed him a large square package. Then he lifted his cap to me again, and away he went round the corner out into the country.

Billy came running to me.

"Mister said," said Billy, handing me the package, "ter give this ter you."

"To me?"

"Yep, fer the little girl on the porch, mister said. An' he guv me a dime."

I opened the package. There were two beautiful books bound in blue and full of colored pictures.

Three days later Billy brought me another package. In it was the loveliest doll, all in soft blue, with forget-me-not blue eyes and golden brown curls.

"You must give it back," said mother. Her voice was so stern I scarcely knew it was mother's. Then I cried. It was bad enough to have no way of thanking the man in the automobile. I couldn't bear to hurt his feelings by giving back the doll. And by and by mother said, "Well, well, Kathie, never mind this time!"

Then one day, long before the usual time, when I was sitting in the sun, I heard an auto coming. Somehow I knew it was *the* auto. I tried to move, but I couldn't. And Billy had gone home. The next thing I knew the man in the auto had stopped in front of our house.

"Hello, little bluebird!" he cried. "Fly down here and have a ride with me."

I shook my head.

"You're not a bluebird? Well, never mind. Run down, then, and take a nice ride with me. I like little girls."

"But I'm not a little girl at all," I cried. "I'm eighteen years old, and I'm taller than mother."

The man in the automobile laughed. "Jump up and show me," he said.

"It's true," I said, "but I can't show you 'cause I'm lame."

What do you suppose happened? The man jumped straight out of his auto. He came up our narrow little walk. The next minute he was on our porch. He was over so much bigger and stronger and taller than I'd thought. He almost filled the space back of the vines. He looked down at me, very little and lame and ashamed there in my wheel chair.

Off came his cap.

"I'm so sorry," he said. For a minute he didn't say anything else, just stood looking down at me. Then he went on: "You just must forgive me somehow. I was rude, impertinent, stupid, everything I ought not to have been."

"You thought I was a little girl?" I said.

"I wasn't so far wrong there, was I? You're a grownup little girl, that's all. But what did you do with the doll and the picture books, Miss?"—

"Kathleen," I said before I thought. There had never been any one to call me Miss Lester. How could I remember?

But before I could say another word mother came. She saw the man, the auto, my red face. Her eyes fairly blazed. What could I do?

The man smiled down at me. Then I knew that I hadn't anything to do about it. How he managed it I don't know, but in five minutes he had explained everything, and he sat on the steps, with mother near by in the little rocker. And they were talking together like old friends.

Next day it was past 4 o'clock and the little auto hadn't come. I was beginning to feel so disappointed. Then I saw a big red car with a top and room in it for four or five people come proudly around the corner from the city. On the back seat was a lady with a lovely gray veil. She looked my way and smiled.

The auto stopped in front of our house. Up the walk came the lady.

"You are Miss Kathleen Lester?" she said. She took both my hands. "I am Wright Engleby's sister."

Then I remembered that Wright Engleby was the man in the little green auto. And there he was in the big red auto lifting his cap and smiling in just the friendliest way.

"Put on some wraps, please, Kathleen," said Wright Engleby's sister. "You and mother, too, are going to ride with us."

When I was ready Mr. Wright Engleby picked me up in his arms and carried me down the walk and set me in the big red auto. And the next minute he and his sister and mother and I were all flying away around the curve.

After that there were many rides—the four of us, and sometimes Billy scrubbed till he shone. But one day, instead of the big red car, up to our house came the little green one. Somehow it looked like an old friend.

Mother kissed me. Then Mr. Wright Engleby carried me out and put me in the car.

On and on we went till we came to streets that were crowded full of big motorcars and little ones, trolley cars and trucks and cabs and all sorts of vehicles. In one place there was such a jam we had to stop and wait.

In the midst of all the noise and hurry the man in the automobile put one big hand over both mine.

"You will walk again and be well and strong," he said, "but just as you are now, little girl, I want to tell you something. I love you. Will you remember?"

All through those long weeks in the hospital, when I was too sick and tired and discouraged and homesick to remember anything else, I thought of those words. When at last I was a little better Mr. Wright Engleby came to see me often, with flowers and fruits.

"No more dolls," he laughed. "You are quite grown up now, Kathleen Mavourneen."

Sometimes his sister came and sometimes mother. And I had a lovely white capped nurse who took splendid care of me. And every other day almost the great surgeon spent an hour or so with me. By and by he told me I could go home.

He told me something else too. But I begged him so hard not to tell any one else that he promised not to. And the nurse promised too.

The man in the auto and his sister took me home. He carried me up the walk and set me down in my old chair back of the vines.

Mother cried over me a little. Then she and Wright Engleby's sister went into the house.

Mr. Wright Engleby came close to me. He towered up over me, strong and big and handsome.

"Remember, little girl?" he said.

I nodded. I could scarcely bear the sorry look in his eyes.

"Just as you are, I told you then, dear, and just as you are I want you. Tomorrow you and mother and Annie and I will take a ride in the red auto. Do you remember a little church which stands all by itself in some evergreen trees across a bridge beyond a little village?"

Again I nodded.

"The clergyman is a friend of mine. I've told him about you, and he will be ready. Will you?"

"Not tomorrow," I said—"the day after if you wish."

He yielded. Then he and his sister went away.

Next day I sat behind the vines and waited. I wore my blue linen gown, the pretty silky coat Wright Engleby's sister had given me on my birthday and a big, floppy hat, with a blue veil.

By and by I saw the little green auto coming. Then I did just what the great surgeon and the nurse had made me do over and over again. I stood up on my two feet. I waved mother away. I crept across the porch back of the vines. When the auto stopped in front of the house I stood quite alone on the steps of the porch.

I threw a kiss to the man in the auto. Then I did what the surgeon had told me I could—I walked straight down the walk toward the little green auto. Halfway the man met me.

"No!" I cried. "Don't touch me, please."

I walked, almost running, to Billy's house and back. I would have been walking yet with the joy of it had not the man caught me up and set me down in the auto.

"Why didn't you tell me, little girl?" he cried.

"Oh, Wright," I cried, "I was so afraid! It seemed too good to be true. I couldn't believe it would last. And if it hadn't I couldn't have borne it—for your sake, dear, for your sake!"

I'm quite certain the little green auto had a mind of its own. Neither of us had a thought to spare it just then. But all by itself it rounded the curve, and away, away, away it flew straight into the heart of the glad green country.

Getting Into Moral Debt.

Philip D. Armour, millionaire and philanthropist, continually warned young men against getting into debt. He loved free men and despised slaves. When asked if he admired a certain brilliant orator he said: "He may have a superb voice and fine presence, but can't you hear the rattle of his chain? That man is not free. He is under moral obligations that demoralize him. He is not speaking the deepest thing in his soul, and I haven't time to hear any slave talk. I want a man to be just as free as I am."

On another occasion he said: "Don't get into debt—I mean moral debt. It is bad enough to get into debt financially. There goes a young man who is mortgaged. That young man is legging it along with a debt, and it will take twice as much power to get him along as the man without a debt. There are other debts and obligations that are embarrassing in their entanglements. Don't get into debt morally, my boy; don't get into debt so that you may not exercise your freedom to its limits."

The Code of Slang.

It is rather a clever notion in a recent story to make two Americans communicate with each other by means of slang in a Central American republic at a time when all telegrams are carefully inspected. If they used Spanish, that, of course, would be immediately understood. If they used English the officials would find some one to translate it. As they had no cipher code prepared in advance, they could not resort to it. Consequently the first American telegraphs to the other American in "the great and potent code of slang." Here is a telegram which slipped through the fingers of the curious Central American officials:

"His nibs skedaddled yesterday per jack rabbit line with all the coin in the kitty and the bundle of muslin he's spoony about. The boodle is six figures short. Our crowd in good shape, but we need the spondulics. You collar it. Tag main guy, and the dry goods are headed for the briny. You know what to do. Bob."—Bookman.

The Voracious Cormorant.

How a cormorant dives for sea trout and gets them is told by a writer: "I had the cormorant under observation only for the space of four or five minutes, and during that short period it had captured four sea trout, all of considerable size. After being under water for a few seconds, the bird would reappear with a sea trout wriggling in its bill. But in spite of the victim's desperate efforts to escape it was deftly swallowed, and after a few gulps the cormorant would resume its fishing operations. One of the sea trout gave a considerable struggle however, for the fish struggled violently for some moments, but was deftly placed so that its head pointed down the captor's throat, and thus its own struggles assisted the bird to swallow it. After a time the cormorant raised itself in the water, flapping its wings vigorously, as though to help it pack away its heavy repast, and then rose heavily and winged its way upstream."

Simple Transaction.

"I like de 'pearance of dat turkey mighty well," said Mr. Johnson after a long and wistful study of the bird. The dusky marketman seemed strangely deaf.

"How could I— What arrangements could a pusson make dat wanted to buy dat turkey?" Mr. Johnson asked after a pause.

"Easy terms 'nough," said the marketman briskly. "You get him by means o' a note o' hand."

"A note o' hand," repeated Mr. Johnson, brightening up at once. "Do you mean I writes it out and pays some time when"— But his hope in this glorious prospect was rudely shattered by the marketman.

"A note o' hand means in dis case," he said, with disheartening clearness, "dat you hands me a two dollar note, Mr. Johnson, and I hands you de turkey in response to dat note."

All Is Not Lion That Roars.

A negro was arrested for stealing coal and employed a lawyer of loud oratorical voice to defend him in a justice court.

"That lawyer could roar like a lion," the negro said. "I thought he was going to talk that judge off the bench and that jury out of the box. I got one continuance and hurried up to burn all that coal and hide the evidence. Then came the day of my trial. That roarin' lawyer went up and whispered to the judge. Then he came back and whispered to me.

"'You better send that coal back or you'll go to jail.'"—Kansas City Star.

Ruse That Worked.

Roundsman—How did you keep all of those girls from rushing out of the moving picture show when the lights went out? Policeman—It was dead easy. When they started to rush I says: "That's right! Old ladies first!" The old ladies they held back was a sensation.—Chicago News.

Got on His Nerves.

Frigal North Briton (in his first experience of a taxi)—Here, mon, stop! I've a weak heart. I cannna stand that hairy wee machine o' yours murkin' up thae ruppences.—London Punch.

The Others.

"I have kings among my ancestors," said the boastful visitor. "Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "and also knaves and two spots."—Washington Star.

Base gains are the same as losses.—Hesiod.

HALLEY'S COMET.

Heavenly Body, Which Has Just Rounded Sun, Not to Be Seen When It Passes Us May 18.

Halley's comet, having reached the end of its route beyond the sun in its passage around the great luminary, is now on its return voyage to the depths of space, which will require 35½ years to complete. For some weeks now it will not be a very easy object to see, owing to its proximity to the sun, being lost in the great gray light of the dawn. Next month, however, it will become visible and more easily distinguished again, and those who fail to "pick" it up in the early mornings will have an opportunity to see it in the evening after the sun has set.

The comet is covering ground at a remarkably rapid pace at the present time, rushing through space at the estimated rate of over 100,000 miles an hour. The earth at the present time is ploughing through space at some remarkable speed, too. This may be set down at about 67,000 miles an hour. Thus, when the comet passes the earth, as it will do on May 18, the two bodies will whiz by each other at a speed of about 150,000 miles an hour. This speed is beyond comprehension, but it may be expressed by the fiction of a trip from the earth to the sun, a distance of about 93,000,000 miles, in 25 days.

Prof. Charles L. Doolittle, director of the University of Pennsylvania observatory, has been making observations of the comet on all favorable occasions. The last observation he had he said, showed the beginning of a tail. This, he believes, will become larger and more evident as the comet appears near to the sun. The transit of the comet across the face of the sun, which will occur on May 18, will not be visible in this part of the world. It is said that the only persons who may have an opportunity to observe this important phenomenon will be those on ships in mid-Pacific at that time.

Forest Fires.

A Harrisburg dispatch says that in response to hundreds of injuries from various parts of the State resulting from the large number of forest fires of late the State Forestry Department is sending out the following warnings, with the suggestion that they be printed and posted in conspicuous places in and near forest lands:

"Do not set fire to this land. Do not set fire on adjoining land and permit it to run upon this land. Do not throw burning matches or tobacco upon the ground carelessly; fire may result. Do not leave a campfire unattended. The setting of fires carelessly, intentionally or negligently is a crime under the statutes of Pennsylvania, punishable by a fine or imprisonment.

"If you discover a fire, extinguish it at once; send for help if necessary; notify the district fire warden or his assistant. The united help of all citizens will prevent forest fires. Forests conserve and protect your pure water supply; they are of great value to your State. Do nothing that will injure them."

The above are timely warnings and should be heeded implicitly throughout the commonwealth.

Triumph of Enthusiasm.

Every great and commanding movement in the annals of the world is the triumph of enthusiasm.—Emerson.

RECONSTRUCTION WORK.

B., R. & P. Improvement Plans are Being Developed Energetically.

Ridgway, April 28.—The Miller Construction company, of Lock Haven, Pa., is reported to be making good progress in its work of reconstructing the B. R. & P. from Mt. Jewett to Newton. While the distance is only 14 miles, yet it is a very difficult job, as the ground cut through is solid rock.

They began work about February 1, 1910, at Boyer, and are working both ways, from Boyer to Newton and Boyer to Mt. Jewett.

The construction company is employing about 250 skilled men on the job and using four 70-ton Bucyrus steam shovels, each steam shovel having a capacity of about 25,000 cubic yards of dirt a month, three large well drills, eleven locomotives (16 tons each), besides teams, carts, etc.

In many places in order to make the roadbed level the company has to build trestles of timber obtained in the vicinity, furnished by Mr. Dennis of Eldred. After the trestles are built they run the dirt cars on them and empty them on either side. After the trestle is completely covered the ties are then laid and the tracks follow.

When the Miller company completes its work there will be four miles of straight track where there are now three sharp curves, between Mt. Jewett and Boyer, and the new tracks will cross the present grade seven times.

In order to complete their contract the Miller Construction company expects to start a night shift about May the first.

HIGHWAY ROBBERY.

Two Young Men Arrested on Serious Charge.

County Detective Jones of this borough went to Bradford Saturday afternoon, says the Bradford Star, and accompanied John Onofer to Little Valley, where the latter identified John Noonan as one of the men who had held him up on Wednesday night. Onofer is a Slav, who is employed by the Minard Run Chemical company. He was robbed of $110 by three men who enticed him to a dark spot near the trolley car barns. Noonan is in Little Valley jail under a sentence of 90 days for short changing an Olean citizen. On the expiration of his sentence, he will be obliged to answer to a charge of highway robbery.

Sunday evening a Bradford young man who was suspected of being implicated in the holdup, was arrested but later discharged.

ATTENTION, NEWSPAPERMEN.

Having installed a Linotype in this office we have a lot of type for sale at reasonable prices.

Here is a good chance to get an almost new dress for your paper at half the regular price.

We have about 300 pounds of 9 point (brevier) which we will sell at 20 cents per pound. About 200 pounds of 11 point (small pica) which we will sell for 20 cents per pound, and about 100 pounds of 6 point (nonpareil) which we will sell for 25 cents per pound.

Anyone in need of any or all of the above faces can get proofs and full particulars by calling on or addressing

WANTED.

Ladies wishing to avoid the Hot stove and over heated house, and, at same time reduce the Gas Bill to call at Means Hardware and see the Jewel Flat Iron.

Boys Wanted.

Boys wanted at the Berney-Bond Glass Bottle Factory. Call at the office at once.

For Sale.

Just received a carload of Fertilizer. Enquire of

O. D. NOURSE,
East Smethport.

New Spring Millinery.

Never was my line of new spring trimmed and pattern hats more complete nor the styles more beautiful. A visit to my store will put you in touch with the latest styles for spring and summer.

CARRIE CLARK.

The Most Comfortable Motorcycle in the World.

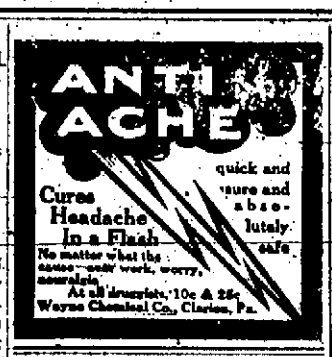
is the Flying Merkel.

One ride will prove it. It has a spring frome and spring fork takes up all jolt and vibration and makes smooth riding under all conditions.

When you ride for pleasure, you want comfort. You'll get it in The Flying Merkel.

Come in and look them over. See the newest improvements for 1910. We'll gladly give you a demonstration. Ask for a catalog.

E. A. Hamilton,
Backus Novelty Works.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Cures Headache In a Flash
quick and sure and absolutely safe
No matter what the cause—over work, worry, neuralgia
At all druggists, 10c & 25c
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We have received a new line of Up-to-date

Jewelry, Watches, Clocks and Rings,

Also a fine line of Art Brass Ware. I. A. Watch Repairing and Engraving.

ENGSTROM & OLSON, Jewelers

The up-to-date Jeweler.

We compound prescriptions with absolute accuracy. We can give you the best prices because we carry complete lines. Compare our prices. Also we have everything in the stationery line. Inks and ink erasers. Soap rubbers, etc.

A. B. ARMSTRONG Drug Store.

Subscribe for the Miner.

NOTICE TO ELECTORS.

As required by the act of 17th Feb. 1906, known as the "Uniform Primary Act," the county commissioners of McKean County pursuant to written notices filed with said county commissioners hereby give notice of the number of delegates to be elected to the state convention of each party, the names of all offices for which nominations are to be made, and candidates for party offices to be elected at the ensuing Primary, to be held on the first Saturday of June next, as follows:

Delegates and Alternates to State Conventions.

Republican, 3 delegates.
Democratic, 1 delegate.
Prohibition, 6 delegates, 6 alternates.
Socialist, 1 delegate.

Names of all offices for which nominations are to be made.

One representative in Congress, 21st District.

Two representatives in the General Assembly.

Candidates for party offices to be elected.

Republican, County committeeman in each election district.

Democratic, County Committeeman in each election district.

Prohibition, County Chairman, County Treasurer and County Secretary.

JOHN A. PETERSON,
ARTHUR M. MARSH,
JOHN P. DEVLIN,
County Commissioners.

Oh my head!
Over work, worry, strained nerves, exhaustion, throbbing temples.
All headache and neuralgia pains "Cured in a flash" by
ANTI-ACHE
Does not affect the heart
10c and 25c at all druggists
Wayne Chemical Co., Clarion, Pa.

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Smethport, Pa.

F. D. Gallup,
ATTORNEY-AT-LAW. All legal business promptly and carefully attended to. Office over Hamlin's Bank, Smethport, Pa.

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ATTY.-AT-LAW
Grange Bank Bldg. SMETHPORT, PA
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Backus Building, opposite Court House.
Smethport, Penna.

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—PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON—
Office in Drug Store.
Calls answered promptly day or night.
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H. L. McCoy,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, office in I. O. O. F. Block, Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

John Clark, M. D. C. M.
Office and Residence in Clark Block, Smethport, Pa. Office Hours, 8 to 10 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.

W. A. Ostrander, Ph. G., M. D.
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office and Residence over Lemmler's harness shop.
Day or Night Calls promptly attended to.

G. E. Benninghoff,
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON, 21 Main St., Bradford, Pa. Special attention given to surgery and surgical diseases of women. Office hours from 1:30 to 3:30 and 7 to 8 p. m.

ROBERT HAMILTON, M. D., C. M.,
Office hours—8 to 9 a. m. and 1 to 3 p. m.
Office and residence, Hamilton Block, second floor, Smethport, Pa.

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All up-to-date dental work promptly done. Crown and bridge work a specialty. Charges reasonable and satisfaction guaranteed.
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Hotels.

WRIGHT HOUSE,
Main Street, Smethport, Pa.
DODGE & SHERBURNE, Prop
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This hostelry is newly overhauled and renovated; its rooms are light and airy; its tables well supplied with delicacies and its bar well stocked.

CENTRAL HOTEL,
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Main Street, Smethport, Pa.,
This hotel has recently been renovated and refurnished. The table and bar constantly supplied with the best the market affords. First-class in every respect. Rates reasonable.

COMMERCIAL HOUSE,
T. H. PURTLE, Prop.
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Refitted, repainted and refurnished throughout. The COMMERCIAL is complete in all its arrangements. I am prepared to cater to the wants of the general public. Give me a call.

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OF ALL KINDS
Lath and Shingles
General Planing Mill Work
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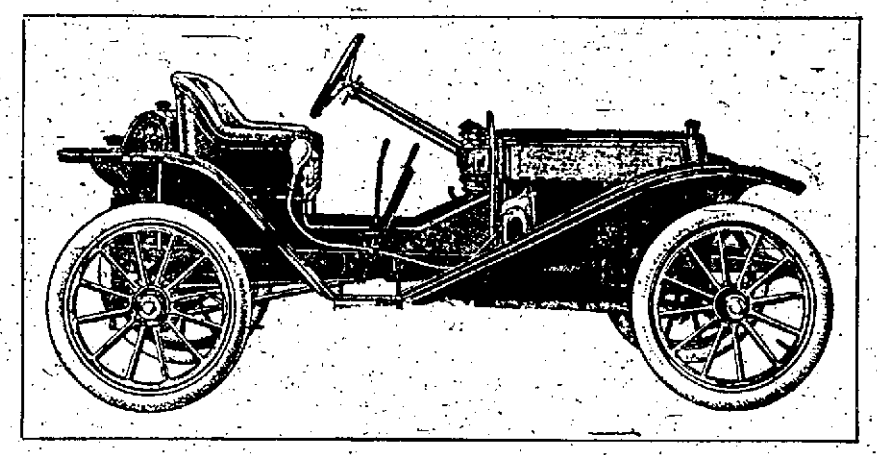
Bradford, Penna.

Wait For the Wagon
Every Tuesday and Saturday
Or telephone 149 or 40f, when you are in need of some good fresh fruit and vegetables.
Fine line for Easter—Such as Strawberries, Cucumbers, celery, etc., we will always have reasonable truck.
Watch this Space Next Week, I Can Save you Money.
C. H. Gleason

ALL THE GOOD QUALITIES OF THE BEST BIG CAR



4 CYLINDER; 20 HORSE POWER; BOSCH MAGNETO; SLIDING GEAR; SHAFT DRIVE.

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Hupmobile

Speed 45 miles an hour, quick as a cat and light as a feather. 28 to 30 miles on a gallon of gasoline.

Amply large and powerful to carry two passengers anywhere a $7,000 car can go with just as much ease, grace and ability, and, better yet, at one-fourth the upkeep expense.

Come and have a free demonstration and see this sturdy "Willing Worker" of the automobile world. It is full of snap, vim, fire, dash and style, and ready to leap into service in less time, as the experienced man says, than it takes the bigger car to "fill its lungs with air and get ready to breathe."

That eminent authority, Dai H. Lewis, editor of the Buffalo Motorist, in the April issue of that magazine says:

"While the Automobile has made tremendous strides there is still, however, much room for improvements. That is to say, lightness, reducing tire expense, less complicated and with reduced wear—a car that will involve the least possible cost for its proper maintenance."

This explains the situation in a few words, and the *HUPMOBILE* meets these requirements exactly.

In justice to yourself you should see this wonderful car before buying any car, large or small.

Full specifications of this up-to-the-minute car, by mail for the asking.

Some good territory for agents still open.

Remember, it's better to buy a high-grade little car than a cheap big car, for the saving in the end is enormous.

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What will interest you particularly is our selection of Spring Suits and Top Coats—they are in the latest fashion—smart to a degree—and priced at about half the figures at which equally good made-to-measure is sold.

$15 - $20 - $25.

Boys' and Children's Suits.

A large and fine assortment. We are offering a very special value in a Boy's Suit, with two pairs of trousers, at $5.00. These suits run from 6 to 17 years of age, and every one is worth $7.50 of anybody's money.

Neckwear Beauties for Easter Wear.

Rich shadings of pure silk and prtterns galore, 25c to $1.00

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Call at my Store and look over my stock of

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BLANKETS,
TRUNKS,
TRAVELING BAGS, etc.

The best goods at reasonable prices.

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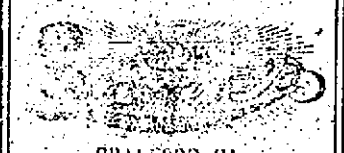
In good reliable companies



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